New England Galaxy.
Published Saturdays, at three dollars a year, IN ADVANCE,
BY HARRINGTON & CO.
BASEMENT STORY OF JOY'S BUILDING,
Washington-street, opposite the Post Office.
HENRY F. HARRINGTON—EDITOR.
JOSEPH A. ROMAN—PRINTER.

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the American Monthly Magazine.]

LINES.

[The following lines were written after reading the melancholy fate of the young men who were shot, at Tampico, the 14th of December. They allude particularly to one among the number, who died with great bravery, encouraging his companions, and replying to the soldiers who would have bandaged his eyes, that he was not afraid to look death in the face.]

Take off the bandage from my forehead free,
And let me with a firm unblenching eye
Look on the glorious sun before I die.
Before my blood streams o'er the verdant sod,
Whence it shall rise a witness unto God.

Take off the bandage! wherefore should I dread
To look on death? Hail glorious monarch now!
Slaves! I have brought no coward spirit here.
This hour is welcome—it shall prove how pure
The patriot flame that can so well endure.

Take off the bandage—give the token sound;
Mark if I quail—but let me die unbound,
A portion of the glorious world around.
Bright earth, I go—but God a strength has given
Unto my heart; I can look up to heaven.

And firmly die—while yet the quiet hour
Belongs to my mind sweet visions: far away
Are those my mother, and each smiling ray
Of summer light that's [illegible]
Sheds beauty on the roses at thy door.

E'en now perchance thy gentle thoughts may rest
On him, sweet mother who no more can come
Over the green hills of his native home,
But yields his life unto a radiant shrine,
Dying for Freedom in a foreign clime.

Not on the battle field,
Not in the open plain, midst clashing swords,
And pealing clarions, and exulting words;
Not there; oh, comrades, o'er each lowly grave
Our country's starry banner may not wave.

Deceived! betrayed! still let our hearts be firm;
If to the fearful even it were sweet
Amidst the stirring fight his fate to meet,
Is not our lot—to die—when all is lost,
More glorious still—with no victorious host

Cheering us on? Let the faint-hearted droop,
We shrink not. Spirits of the mighty past,
I hear your tones—brave fathers, on the blast,
Smile on your sons; yea, from the blessed sky
Look on their conflict—strengthen them to die!

For ye too, sisters, gentle ones at play,
We would be firm—no brother's shadowed name
Shall o'er your bright brows cast the cloud of shame.
Farewell! To him who battles for the free
We leave our cause—with Him is victory!

FOR LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

FROM 'THE RELIQUARY,' BY BERNARD AND LUCY BARTON.

They err who deem love's brightest hour
In blooming youth is known;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power
In later life is shown:
When passions chastened and subdued
To riper years are given;
And earth and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth,
Or days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth
Of love's devoted worth;
Life then is like a tranquil stream
Which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects mirror'd in its seam
To share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise,
And life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows brave the skies,
Lash'd by the storm's commotion;
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud,
And thunder [illegible],
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed,
By loneliness around us.

Oh then, as to the seaman's sight
The beacon's trembling ray
Surpasses far the lustre bright
Of Summer's cloudless day;
E'en such to tried and wounded hearts
In manhood's darker years,
The gentle light true love imparts
Mid sorrows, cares, and fears.

THE WAGGONER.

I've often thought if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most—
What one, I thought most lightly tasked
Of man's unnumbered host—
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team, Wo, hoy!
We hoy! I'd cry,
And lightly fly
Into my saddle seat;
My rein I'd slack—
My whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet!

Six blacks I'd drive, of ample chest,
All carrying high the head;
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest
In winkers tipp'd with red—
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy,
And such a team I'd drive, Wo hoy!
We, hoy! I'd cry,
The lint should fly—
Wo, hoy! you Dobbin! Ball!
Their feet should ring,
And I would sing,
I'd sing my fol de rol.

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,
Beneath each bear-skin cap,
And as I saw them swing and swing,
I'd be the merriest chap—
Yes, then I'd be a mountain boy
And drive a jingling team, Wo, hoy!
We, hoy! I'd cry—
My words should fly,
Each horse would prick his ear;
With tightened chain
My lumbering wain
Would move on its career.

The golden sparks, you'd see them spring
Beneath my horses' tread;
Each tail I'd braid it up with string
Of blue, or flaunting red;
So does, you know, the mountain boy
Who drives a dashing team, Wo, hoy!
We, hoy! I'd cry—
Each horse's eye
With fire would seem to burn;
With lifted head,
And nostril spread
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit, and fling the foam,
As on they dragged my load;
And I would think of distant home,
And whistle on the road—
Oh, would I were a mountain boy—
I'd drive a six horse team, Wo, hoy!
We, hoy! I'd cry—
Now, by yon sky,
I'd sooner drive those steeds
Than win renown,
Or wear a crown
Won by victorious deeds.

For crowns oft press the anguished head,
And health the wearer shuns,
And victory, trampling on the dead,
May do for Goths and Huns—
Seek them who will, they have no joys
For mountain lads and Waggon boys.

[From the New York Mirror.]

We do not know whether these verses will be thought very sentimental by the young ladies; but we are sure they are tolerably true.

First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckon'd;
For when one awakes from the trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in the second.

And e'en should the second subside,
A lover can never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women—uncommonly fair.

Then poets their sorrows may tell,
Who never were put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me the last love's the best.

GALAXY.

VOLUME XIX. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1836. NUMBER XXX.

SELECTED TALES.

THE PORTRAIT: A SKETCH.

Yes! at last I was fairly in love! and with what?—A Portrait!—but such a one!

The Exhibition had only just opened; I had gone to see it on the third day, and scarcely had I advanced a dozen paces into the grand room, when I felt myself riveted to the spot. 'What's the matter?' inquired Armstrong. I heard him, but felt as if the faculty of speech was suspended. He repeated the question, but to no purpose. 'Are you dreaming?' At length he exclaimed—'What is the matter with you?'

'Do you know the original of that portrait?' inquired I.

'No.'

'Look at the number in the book. Well what says it?'

'Portrait of a young lady, by E. F.'

'And who is E. F.'

'I know not.'

'A plague upon all initials,' exclaimed I; 'I would give the world to know the name of the artist.'

'I'll try to find out for you, my boy, replied the kind-hearted fellow in Dublin.

'O, there are tones and looks that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!'

repeated I to myself, as I stood gazing upon the voiceless, sightless picture!

'Twas a full-length portrait—a front view in the attitude of advancing—a maid of auburn tresses; the complexion fair; the eyes, a deep blue; the lips—carnations—slightly apart, as though the sweet breath was issuing through them; the bosom delicately full—veiled by a kerchief of gauze, all but one spot of dazzling whiteness; the waist tapering to the point, beyond which firmness and grace take leave of tenuity, and from the zone of which the lines of the lower part of the figure flowed outwards and downwards in a curve of noble richness; an ancle and an instep, like the rest—symmetry! The arms, which were bare from something more than half way above the elbows, were beautiful; her right had was covered with a glove, and held another, leaving her left hand to the voucher of a virgin palm. No ring was on the finger.

''Tis time to go,' said Armstrong, slapping me on the shoulder; 'the Exhibition closes at four.'

Three hours had I been poring upon it! 'Four!' exclaimed I.

'It wants but ten minutes of it.'

'And have you found out the artist?'

'No.'

* * * * * * * *

Not a day did I miss the Exhibition. As soon as I entered the room, I took my seat before the portrait, and there I remained until every one else was gone.—No doubt I was the object of frequent remark. I often heard a whisper near me. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a smile suddenly suppressed. On one occasion I seemed to give no small umbrage to a gentleman who stood in front of me. A lady was leaning on his arm. I had heard a sigh so deep, that, in spite of my absorption, it attracted my notice. I withdrew my eyes from the Portrait, and they fell upon the lady, who was in the act of turning away; but I encountered the gaze of her companion, whose countenance betrayed an expression of mingled impatience and resentment, so strong, that my own began to lower, and I was on the point of starting from my chair, when he looked another way, and conducted his companion to the opposite side of the room. She wore a cloak, and was veiled. I was surprised at the incident. I never after entered the Exhibition without looking about for the gentleman and lady [illegible] there again.

* * * * * * * *

'Hang the Exhibition!' exclaimed Armstrong; 'you shall take a lounge with me this morning.' I was on the point of walking in, when he thrust his arm through mine, and took me by main force along with him.

'That woman has a figure cried he. I listened, but noted not the object of remark. My eyes were in the Exhibition.

'Her waist,' continued he, 'is as natural as her neck—which she carries so well. She does'n't squeeze it.—There is too much pliancy there for much constraint.'—We were walking in Sackville street; which, from noon till dinner time, may be called the Mall of Dublin. 'The fall of her shoulders,' added he, 'is the most graceful thing imaginable! Do you mark it?'

'Yes,' replied I, poring upon the figure in the Exhibition-room.

'So much for her back,' resumed Armstrong. 'We have not seen her face yet; but the pleasure is at hand. She'll be sure to turn at the end of the street. Depend upon it, she and her fair friend have not put on their bonnets and shawls for nothing, but a walk to the Rotunda and back again. Slacken your pace,' continued he. 'Now for it! Has a well-turned ankle never played you a trick? For once that I have been obliged to one for a handsome face, I may reckon fifty introductions to a homely one. Now for it, my lad! Right about, wheel. By Jupiter, she is an angel!'

I mechanically raised my eyes. There was the portrait in living flesh and blood before me! Our eyes met—I stopped short—she hesitated too—colored—and the next moment she and her companion passed on.—We followed.

How my heart beat! Its imagination became almost insupportable as we drew near the other end of the street, where I hoped they would turn again. They were within three or four yards of it—they slackened their pace. Kind fortune!—'Are you ready?' exclaimed a voice. They stopped—a gentleman had accosted them out of a barouche, that had drawn up to the side of the flags. 'Twas the identical individual, the peculiarity of whose deportment had struck me in the Exhibition-room. He sprang out of the carriage, handed the fair partners in, and, stepping in after them, they drove off.

'Whither are you going like a madman? exclaimed Armstrong.

'I'll follow them!' replied I, scarce conscious of what I was saying.

'Follow your dinner!' rejoined he; 'or rather wait upon it. You are engaged at six o'clock, and have to go home, dress and be at Kingstown in that ample space of time.' It was five. 'Come,' continued he, 'is it tumbling into love you are about? And do you think there is but one lovely woman in Dublin?'

'But one in the world!' exclaimed I.

'Then, by my conscience,' rejoined he, 'there is no such place in the world as Dublin!'

I went home, dressed, and drove in a car to Kingstown. A joyous party—but nothing could get me out of Sackville street. I was abstracted, restless, impatient of the restraint of company; anxious to be gone, without knowing whither to go. The evening had scarcely commenced when I stole away. I hastened home, and flung myself into bed—and, in bed, I was still in Sackville street.

Sackville street—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—every day in the following week; but not a glimpse of the living portrait. 'Hang you!' exclaimed Armstrong, planting himself right before me, about half an hour after I had commenced another week's promenade. 'I never saw such a fool when you take a fancy into your head! I want a pair of gloves—step with me to Grafton street.' And to Grafton street the incorrigible Armstrong literally dragged me. 'This is the shop cried he, entering one upon the right hand; 'and, by the powers! there stands your Venus herself, fitting her fair hand! Up to her, my Mars!' whispered he. There stood, indeed, the incomparable original of the Portrait—her female companion along with her. She had been choosing some gloves from several parcels, which lay upon the counter. She had just taken up a pair—one of which she was about to try on. It fitted her. 'This will do,' remarked she to the mistress of the shop. 'I shall take half a dozen pairs, and send three dozen of different sizes after me. The gloves were white.—Just then our eyes encountered. Her face in a moment became crimson, and then all at once turned to a deadly pale: she seemed gasping, as it were, for breath. I saw she was ill, and sprung forward, and caught her as, I thought she was about to drop. She looked in my face as her color slowly returned; gently, and without any expression of displeasure, disengaged herself, and, [illegible] the arm of her friend—'Come,' said she, heaving a sigh, which reminded me of the one which I had heard in the Exhibition room.

My heart was in a tumult. The look of her male companion—the sigh—the blush—the blush again—the strangeness of its sudden vanishing—and then the sigh again! What was I to conclude? They had scarcely got into the street when I followed them.

They proceeded up Grafton street into Stephen's Green. I kept about half a dozen yards behind them. They took the right side of the square, and in crossing the end of Cuffe street, passed one of those semi-gentlemen, whose only occupation is idleness, and who instantly followed them, keeping between them and me. He drew nearer—I saw what he was about—and scarcely had he touched the arm of the fair creature, when I collared him. I had caught a Tartar! He was accomplished in an art which I had never felt any ambition to excel. I let him go, thinking I had a gentleman to deal with, and scarcely was he at liberty when I was stretched in a state of insensibility, upon the street.

When I came to myself, the first thing of which I was sensible was the pressure of a hand upon my temples. I looked up. It was her—she was chafing them. The sight of her recalled at once the full possession of my faculties. I looked around and saw we were alone. I sprang from a couch, upon which I had been stretched, and throwing myself at the fair creature's feet, poured forth the passion of my soul in a strain of vehement eloquence, of which, before that moment, I had never been the master. She listened to me without lifting her eyes, till I stopped; then, slowly raising them, she fixed them upon me with an expression that pierced me to the soul, and gave me indescribable anguish. 'The designs of Providence are inscrutable,' said she, with another deep drawn sigh. 'I know not what has destined me! Forget me, sir!—Forget me! Would to Heaven—!'

'I can wait no longer!' said her friend looking into the parlor.

She started upon her feet—for she had been sitting—and hastily moved a step or two towards the door. I hastily followed her, catching her by the hand to detain her—'Would to Heaven, what?' I exclaimed.

'That I had never seen you,' was her reply; and by a sudden effort she withdrew the hand which I was holding.

'Follow me not!' added she. 'Attempt not to detain me!' Her hand was upon the lock of the door. She paused—looked at me till her eyes seemed to strain again—raised her right hand to her lips. I waited not to allow her to complete the action which I had anticipated—I sprung towards her—she vanished, closing the door after her; in the act of opening which, I heard the hall door shut: I followed and tried to open it. It was presently opened from without, and a servant entered followed by a person whom I concluded to be her master, and who opposed my egress. An explanation ensued. It was a medical gentleman whom the servant had gone to fetch. She had been alone in the house, immediately opposite which I had been knocked down—had witnessed the transactions—and readily suffered me to be brought in, attended by the lovely being in whose cause I had suffered. I hastily recompensed each, and sallied forth, but all trace of the dear unknown one was lost. It totally escaped my recollection at the time, that, by applying at the glove shop, I could have got a clue to her.

I rose the next morning in a state of bodily as well as mental fever, and wandered through the streets as chance directed me. In turning a corner, I came right against somebody.

'Hallo!' cried Armstrong. 'Are you walking in your sleep? Rouse you my merry man! Heavens!' he exclaimed, when I looked at him, 'what the mischief is the matter with you?' I unburthened my heart to him as we walked together. As we were passing St. Thomas's a friend of his, apparently in a state of considerable excitation, issued from the church. 'What's the matter with you exclaimed Armstrong.

'A murder is doing in that church!'

'A murder?'

'Yes; they are [illegible] a young heart to [illegible]. I know the parties. The story is told in three words. It is the daughter of an English gentleman, of reduced circumstances. She has taken the fancy of a young man of fortune, who has just returned from his travels. Her heart was disengaged and her parents prevailed on her to accept him. She rues the consent which has been wrung from her. They have brought her to the church. For this half hour they have been trying to prevail upon her to allow the ceremony to proceed. I never saw such a scene; How they can stand it I know not; but for my part, it was too much for me, and I was obliged to come away.'

The truth flashed upon me. I broke from Armstrong, and rushed into the church. It was she! I met them bearing her fainting from the altar, supported by the very man whose scowl I had encountered in the Exhibition room. The knot had been tied! As they passed by me, I stood like an idiot—I spoke not moved, not. They went out of the church. All power of reflection or action seemed to have deserted me. I mechanically submitted to the guidance of Armstrong, who, with his friend had conducted me home.

'Come,' said I suddenly starting up, after I had sat, as Armstrong has assured me, for upwards of two hours without speaking—'Come I shall embark to-night for England!'

He did not attempt to dissuade me. 'I shall accompany you, my lad,' said he.

We had but few arrangements to make; nevertheless, when we arrived at Kingstown, we were too late for the packet, which had sailed half an hour before.

'What shall we do?' asked Armstrong.

'Take up our quarters here till to-morrow evening,' replied I. 'I shall not set foot in Dublin again.'

'Content!' rejoined Armstrong.

It came on a dreadful night—wind, rain, and thunder. 'Twas a relief to the chaos of my heart—the tempest was in unison with it. I watched an opportunity, and, stealing out, went down to the beach. The night was terrifically grand. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one undulating, smoking sheet of foam. You could scarcely hear the thunder for the breakers. I discerned a party at a distance, busy about something. I approached them. A vessel, in the offing, was on the bar, and they were about to launch the life-boat; they had almost accomplished their purpose, when one of the crew was struck down and stunned—they could not tell with what. Obeying an impulse, for which I could not account, but which probably owed its origin to an utter recklessness of life, I made a rush, and leaped into the boat—'I can pull an oar, my lads,' I exclaimed—'Lay to, and tug away!'

We slowly approached the ship. As we neared her, we saw that the crew had taken to the boat which was pulling from her. We hailed it. Our cry was answered. It disappeared; we hailed it again—again!—No reply. It had gone down! We looked at one another and shuddered, but, spoke not. We were now alongside. Upon the poop—the only part above water—stood two individuals, who watched us, without speaking. We rowed to leeward of the vessel, took them off, and after ascertaining that there was not another soul on board, made back, and reached the shore.

It was a man and a woman whom we had rescued. We conveyed them to the inn. The female was consigned to the charge of the landlady. Armstrong and I understood the task of attending to her companion, whom we soon equipped with dry apparel from our own trunks, and easily prevailed upon to take a seat at our board, which was spread for supper.

He spoke little at first, except to thank us—especially me, who had been instrumental in preserving him. He was a Portuguese, but spoke English with considerable fluency.

'Many a time, sir,' said he, 'have I cursed your country, but now I bless it.'

'Cursed it!' echoed Armstrong.

'Yes, sir; I will not deny it—nor need I. That girl whom you have saved from a watery grave is my sister; death perhaps would have been a blessing to her—and to me. Yet is it an appalling thing when it comes.'

We wished for an explanation of this; but from delicacy were silent. It came, however, of its own accord. A foreigner had fallen in love with her—married her—and deserted her a few months after their nuptials.—Her brother and she were in pursuit of him, and after tracing him through Spain, France, Italy and Germany, had at length got a clue to him to this country. The story was an exceedingly affecting one, and proved the proof the darkest obliquity of principle upon the part of the offender.

Scarcely was it finished when the landlady abruptly entered the room—

'Gentlemen,' said she, what is to be done?'

'My sister!' exclaimed the young man, starting up in agony of apprehension.

'Your sister is safe and well, sir and sound, asleep, for what I know; but there is another in the house who if I mistake not, would give all she is mistress of to be the occupant of her bed.

At this moment we heard a shriek. It came from the room below. Armstrong and I rushed down stairs, followed by the stranger and the landlady. The cry was repeated.

'He will use force!' exclaimed the landlady. I heard no more. I was foremost—I burst open the door of the apartment. What were my emotions at beholding the mistress of my heart—on her knees before the man who had espoused her. He was holding her.—At sight of me she sprung upon her feet, and rushed into my arms.

'I will not be his wife!' she exclaimed. 'I have been forced to the altar,—I knew not what I did. It was mockery. I will not be his wife. They deceived me into accompanying him. Deserted me, and left me in his power. I will not be his wife!'

He stood pale and trembling with rage. We all remained motionless, looking now at him, and now at one another. He cast his eyes about the room, as if in search of something; they rested upon a trunk that lay upon one of the chairs—he approached it—opened it—took out a pair of pistols—cocked them, and approached me. At this moment the Portuguese rushed past me, and caught him by the throat.

'Villain!' exclaimed the Portuguese. The pistols fill to the ground. They knew each other. The conclusion of the scene may be imagined. Imagine the scene that followed it in little more than a month, when I saw the Portrait in my own room—and the Original at my side—my willing wife!

CUTTING-OUT ASHORE;

OR, A BOLD STROKE DURING THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

"By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson;
And though his name than Ajax or Achilles
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun, soon
We shall not see his likeness."—Byron.

'Ned Jervis, as I'm alive!' exclaimed a tall, fine, and fashionably dressed young man, stopping short in front of me, as I was taking a regular quarter-deck walk up and down before the mansion house, in London, lost in a deep reverie, and totally unobservant of the busy throngs of people hastily brushing by me; and at the same time holding out his hand, which I immediately shook most warmly, although I had not the slightest idea who the individual was, claiming so intimate an acquaintance with both my name and its owner.

'You have the advantage of me, though I ought to know that face too.'

'I think so, indeed. *You* won't cut me, I know, if I tell you who and what I am, though others have,' he added, after a slight pause, and a shade of care passed suddenly athwart his joyous, laughing countenance, which, although scarred by more than one sword-cut, and marked and bronzed evidently by constant exposure to the weather, was not in the slightest degree either aged or haggared, and plainly indicated that not many more than six and twenty summers' suns could possibly have shown upon its surface. 'James Wilson.'

'Wilson! I heard you were gone to the dogs long ago,' I exclaimed, before I could check myself, seizing his hand again, and almost wringing it off in my joy at meeting with him.

'Much obliged to those who told you so; but it has not quite come to that yet; and, if I may make free to say so, the cut of your jib is a good deal more like as if *you* were going that way. You look as seedy as if you had been up all night.'

'I have not been in bed, nor even asleep for three,' I interrupted.

'And,' continued he again, 'independent of your face being drawn out as long as the maintop-bowline of a [illegible] that of a chap after a four-and-twenty hours' losing spell at hazard, your hair is as gray as any badger's, notwithstanding you're my junior by a year.'

'If hard drinking and heavy anxiety will have any effect upon it,' I replied, 'I only wonder I have any left at all.'

'Can money help you?' inquired the kind-hearted fellow. 'If so, say the word, and a couple of thousand is at you service in a quarter less than no time! for I run my last three cargoes without the loss of a ropeyarn; and, besides, I have got so d—d few friends, that I can afford to help any of them in a squall.'

'Thank you, thank you for your kindness, all the same; but it's not money that I want just now. I am going to play the fool once more in half an hour, and risk my life to punish a scoundel, as soon as I have cut my sister out of a madhouse, which I intend to take the liberty of doing before another twelve hours have gone by, if I get hung at Newgate for it. Have you a mind to help me?'

'Why, as to the first part of the business which you propose, I am a ready-made fool to anybody's liking—so that game comes quite natural to me; as to the second, my life's always at risk for the gain of a few paltry hundreds; and as to the third, I'd lend a hand to cut any woman out of hell, let alone your sister. But who ever put her there—in the madhouse, I mean?'

'Step into my phaeton—'

'Phaeton!'

'It's waiting hard by at the corner of Princes street,' I continued, without regarding the interruption, 'and drive up with me to Offley's, where we'll dine, and I'll spin you the whole yarn as we go along. Take the ribands, Wilson, will you, as soon as we get in—my hand shakes so, I'm fit for nothing hardly now—and drive slowly—for I must wait for my cousin, who will not be up in town till six, before I can do anything more in this matter, which is a sad one enough, God knows!'

'Poor Jane! and is her mind a wreck too?'

'Wreck! No; as sound as yours or mine; but here we are, so jump in, and you shall hear all about it. After leaving school I entered the navy, where I soon found out that hard work was not easy, and being thrashed in the cockpit far from pleasant. After passing, I got made, and was appointed to the D——a' which we contrived somehow or other to lose in the Mediterranean; and I was ashore in England again within a year, and then it was that Cather—she——, but here my voice faltered, and the words almost choked me.

'Skip all that,' struck in my companion, 'and come at once to where your sister is concerned; for raking up the past only serves to embitter the present.'

'After there was no hope,' I continued, unmindful of Wilson's good advice, and following the train of my thoughts, which were taking rather a wide circuit at that moment, 'I took to drinking, like a cursed fool, to drown my sorrows, which I did so effectually, that at one-and-twenty there were few young men in Surrey who could come up to me either in strength or quantity of liquor. One day I had been dining at sir A—— W——'s, where there was a sporting dinner, and where, as usual, most of us drank till we could neither see nor sit, and slept the night (or rather the morning) out under the table as we fell. The next day, after a late breakfast of devilled biscuits and raw brandy, sir A——and I mounted our horses to ride over to Ashtead, where a prize-fight was expected to come off that afternoon. Our way lay across Ewell and Banstead Downs, on which we had hardly arrived when one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that I ever remember to have seen outside the tropics arose in all its furious majesty. We were just sober enough to sit in our saddles, and sufficiently intoxicated to care for nothing; and we galloped on, laughing, singing, and hallooing, perfectly heedless of the pelting rain or the dangerous slipperiness of the ground—continually forcing our frightened horses through large patches of prickly furze, till they were almost goaded into madness with the pain, and plunged about like a shark just after being hooked. 'Oh! would'nt that last spin neatly through some poor beggar's gizzard!' exclaimed sir A——(who, bad and vicious as he was, had found a fitting companion in myself,) as a vivid flash of forked lightning entered the ground, apparently quite close to the heads of our horses, who reared up in the air, and wheeled round and round in spite of either whip or spur, while a roar of thunder sufficiently awful in itself to have sobered any ordinary drunkards rolled and cracked right above us. 'A brace of guineas to a dollar that it has—for I hear some piping near that hedge!' 'I don't think it.' 'Done!' he answered; 'and,' continued he in the same strain, 'though you've got the lead by half-a-dozen lengths, two to one on my mare clearing that hedge before your cocktail that you think so mighty well of!'

Take you—guineas again!' I answered; and we put our horses to the utmost speed. I won both bets—for his mare fell before she reached the hedge, and my horse's hoof grazed the shoulder of my father, who was kneeling down wringing his hands in agony over my poor mother's lifeless clay. * * * On returning from the West Indies in the year two (1802), I found my sister Jane had just been married to major D——, of the —th dragoons; him of Hampton notoriety, I mean.'

'I know him, or at least his character,' answered my companion.

'Poor Janey never liked him from the first; but the governor was so infernally anxious for the match, why or wherefore, I never could divine. Oh! that I had only been in England at the time, and they should never have dragged her to the altar except over my dead body in the chancel! I spoke my mind out freely to my father on the occasion, for which he never forgave me to the last; but, at his death, which event took place about ten months after the marriage, cut me off with a shilling (my share of what little property my poor mother had was settled on me), leaving every halfpenny besides to Janey. Well, I never cared much about the money—for I have enough to get me a dinner every day, and keep me out of a prison, if I look sharp; and, perhaps, if I had had it, the rents of the Ewell lands might have gone among the blacklegs at Epsom by now; so it's 'all for the best,' no doubt. About three months after my father was buried, I happened to be passing through Berkeley square; so I thought I would just look in at number **, for my sister's sake, notwithstanding my vow which I had once made, of never entering the major's doors again. Hearing voices in the dining-room, I walked in there, though the butler would evidently have much rather shewn me up stairs; and no wonder—for, as true as I'm sitting alongside of you, and you are driving that pair of gray horses, I caught the bullying, brutal coward in the very act of striking my sister, and his wife.'

'Had I been there,' exclaimed Wilson, his fine dark eyes sparkling with indignation at the bare idea, 'the Lord might have had mercy on his soul, but I would have shewn none towards his body!'

'The breakfast was on the table—for it was quite early in the forenoon. 'What right,' shouted D——, as he saw me enter—'who are you, sir, that——.' But here I cut him short—for, entirely forgetting that I had the dignity of no less a rank than a half-pay lieutenant in his majesty's service to keep up, I laid hold of a tongue by the tip, and sent it at him right across the room; it took him just in the mouth, and smashed a couple of his grinders in. Jane screamed like a young child, and implored me to leave the house; but my blood was up, and when it is, I never do things by halves; so I trundled this gallant soldier out of his own doors (or rather my sister's, for the house is hers), and when I had got him fairly on the pavement I gave him a gentle parting kick, to shew the love I bore him, which sent him flying like a paper man in a breeze, till he brought his great lubberly body up against the iron rails of the inclosure. This made fine work for the lawyers; and, my case getting into bad hands, I had the satisfaction not only of being choused out of all the ready money I possessed, but of going to leeward in the courts, where there was more jabber than ever I heard among the monkeys at Gibraltar, even when captain Purvis and I used to fire off salt from a duck-gun at them, by way of amusement, on a fine Sunday morning, sometimes. All the good that came out of it was that I was universally considered a blackguard; and D——, by dint of a little bribery and a good deal of perjury, managed to get Jane, poor girl! stowed away in a madhouse, and pocketed all the rents.'

'But the money's settled on her, is it not?' inquired my companion, who would have gone through fire and water to serve my sister, for 'auld lang syne.'

'Trust the governor to see to that! But D—— has got the serving of it out during his life. A rascal!'

'Why don't you shoot him!'

'I intend to. I have been practising for the last month four hours a day, on purpose to be even with him—for at twelve paces he can pin a bullet on a spike nail five times out of seven.'

'I'll call him out myself, if he riddles you. How long has she been in?'

'About five weeks. I never knew for certain where she was till three days ago. My cousin, Seymour, wanted to go to Bow street about it; but had enough of the law in more ways than one already, I overruled that, and set to work myself. Were I to tell you all I have gone through to gain my point, you would think, to use a common saying afloat, 'that I had left off swearing and taken to lying.' I have gone under as many *aliases* and disguises as a swindler, and have been 'hail fellow well met' in company where, besides myself, there was nothing half so respectable to be found; and at last I managed the business through a woman of notorious character, residing in Lisle street, on whom I have lavished considerable sums of money.'

'All this must run you pretty dry, though. You had better accept my offer.'

'God bless you! my dear fellow; it's my cousin's money that I'm so liberal with, not mine. I started on my own account at first, without taking a sixpence from him, and carried on till I had spent every farthing I could lay my hands on, and got arrested into the bargain, when he bailed me or squared accounts, I don't know which. Half-pay and all, I have barely three hundred a year, while Seymour's got at least six thousand. I am going to Lisle street before dinner. You may come with me, if you like; only remember I am personating my cousin just at present, which accounts for this splash turn-out that excited your astonishment.'

'What's your plan to night?'

'Why, Seymour ——'

'Is as good a chap as ever breathed,' interrupted Wilson; 'and you, being a navy blade, know how, of course, to set about these things afloat; but 'cutting-out ashore' is a different thing quite. I am an old hand at it; for, to serve a friend, I have once or twice taken a girl out of a nunnery. Will you make me commanding officer?'

'With all my heart, and thank you too. I have written a letter to the owners of the madhouse under a false name, (to which I expect an answer by Seymour) requesting——'

'I understand. Whereabouts is the place?'

'At ———, eight miles this side of Brighton.'

'Can't be better. And now, for a dozen fighting hands who'll stick at nothing except drinking water, and a cast, after the job's completed, across the channel in the fastest lugger that ever gave a cruiser the 'go by' on a murky night. We must about ship for the city again, or, —— avast heaving so long! Here is Leichester square; so you jump out, Ned, and let me have the horses. I'll meet you up in Lisle street in an hour. What's the number?'

'Thirteen.'

'Lord! I know it well. Take care of yourself.—Here, John, Tom, Bill, whatever your name is, out with you now, and attend your master!' and so we separated.

I need scarcely tell my readers that Wilson was a smuggler, and, perhaps, in that respect no very proper companion for a king's officer; but in all others I have met with a few people like him.

A barouche and four had been engaged to be in attendance near; and this fell in very well with Wilson's plan of attack, which did him the greatest credit.—After dropping me at the corner of Leicester square, he had driven back to the London place of rendezvous for the captains in the confidential employ of the firm to which he was commodore; and, sending away expresses for twelve hands armed to the teeth, to assemble after nightfall, within hail of the madhouse, according to the draft which he had laid down on the back of a bill of lading, besides four mounted on what were then called the 'trap horses,' let off a brace of carrier-pigeons at different intervals, with duplicate orders in cypher, desiring signals to be made for the lugger expected on the Brighton coast that evening, to raft and sink her cargo of spirits, and either lower away everything, or stand off and on until she saw 'number 5 night signal,' when she was to pick up the boat that made it, at all risks, and edge off the coast again as smartly as she chose.

Relays of horses had been provided by Seymour along the road, and immediately on his arrival we got under weigh, in company with an old and faithful shipmate of mine, in the shape of a large Newfoundland dog. Soon after mounting my horse a strange feeling of bewilderment came over me; and of what occurred during the first five and thirty miles of road that our horses' hoofs passed rapidly over I retain no recollection—all is a vacant blank, and I galloped on like one asleep. Suddenly I awoke to consciousness again; and as I thought on my sister, and all that she was suffering in the brutal hands of heartless hirelings—deserted, imprisoned, and left to pine away by him who had falsely sworn at the high altar of heaven to be a protector to an angel, who, when she knew his mind, must have felt herself contaminated at his very touch,—a scalding tear fell upon my bridlehand; but I instantly drowned such childish weakness in the overwhelming desire of vengeance for her wrongs; and, drawing in the keen fresh air as eagerly as I would have done water had I been perishing with thirst, I sat bolt upright in my saddle, dashed my long hair, dripping with perspiration, off my brows, and successively grasping the butts of both my pistols, to be assured that they were safe, I felt that 'Richard was himself again,' and longed for the coming of the moment that should bring D—— on the ground—hand to hand and face to face, with but six paces intervening—never to leave it but as a corpse, or the destroyer of the brother of his maltreated, all-enduring wife.

* * * * * * *

We fell in with the barouche about a mile from the madhouse, and, giving our horses in charge to a servant, got inside it. On driving past a particular tree in the road, Wilson took a boatswain's call out of his waistcoat pocket, and piped 'the captain,' beautifully shrill and clear. It was immediately answered by four stout fellows jumping out of a dry ditch by the roadside, enveloped in large monkey jackets, which they shook themselves out of, and flung on the roof of the carriage, as they sprang up behind.

'Whose gangs are out tonight?' inquired Wilson, putting his head out of the window.

'Smith's trampers and black Charley's horse, sir, twelve of one and four of t'other. The night's getting as nice and foggy as ever I see,' continued the man.

'Coast clear?'

'Clear as Hollands. A tall chap went in, sir, about twenty minutes agone, and tied his horse up at the gate; but I cut him adrift, and turned him into that 'ere field, 'cos my mind misgived me he warn't up to no good, and might want him in a hurry.'

'Is that a bell in that hurricane-house rigged atop of the roof there?'

'Yes, sir. I tried to muffle its clapper, but there wasn't no getting nigh it. You had better clap a stopper on that the first thing; for the king's dragoons in the next town might think the crib was a-fire, and be down on us, wery like, afore we made clear off, if they heerd it going this time o'night.'

'Oh, d——n them; there is never any fear of gullies turning out too smartly on a cold drizzling night like this.'

Presently the carriage drew up, and we alighted, and gave a thundering peal at the garden-bell.

'Crouch down under the lee of our bodies, see your gaskets all clear, and stand by for a rush, lads!' said Wilson in an under tone, addressing the portion of the gang at our backs, as he heard the ponderous bolts and bars securing the house-door leading into the garden being slowly withdrawn. At last it opened wide, and two keepers, one of them carrying a dark lantern, made their appearance, and came up to the lofty iron gate.

'Is she *so* very riotous, sir?' inquired one, in allusion to a passage in my letter, as he turned the key in the lock.

'*Shocking!*' I replied, quite coolly; 'you must come and help us take her out of the carriage.'

The gate was now flung back, and we all simultaneously rushed in.

'Gag and lash 'em, boys! hurrah, my bucks!' shouted Wilson: and in a second the astonished keepers found themselves on their beam-ends in the middle of the road, totally unable either to speak or to move hand or foot; while a couple of mounted smugglers rode in at the gateway, and gallopped—one to the right hand and the other to the left—round the garden, to secure or cut down (for, desperate characters as they were, they would not have stuck at trifles,) any one outside the house; and the 'Watch, there! watch!' passed so quickly along from mouth to mouth around the high walls inclosing the extensive grounds, as plainly shewed not only that the rest were on the alert, but to what a pitch of discipline and power of combination of action, whether by sea or land, this amphibious race of hardy sailors, and (in regard to the mounted force) by no means inferior troopers, had been brought by my friend and former schoolfellow, for the purpose of illicit traffic.

The first person we encountered in the hall was the resident surgeon, in his scuffle dressing-gown and slippers, looking not a little flabbergasted at the aspect of things in general. As fast as we advanced, he backed, till the wall brought him up all standing, and we came to an anchor at about seven feet from him.

'Where is she?' I roared out in a voice of thunder, while half a dozen smugglers, armed with cutlasses and boarding pikes, acting under the orders of Wilson, who immediately put himself at their head, marched into the kitchen, where all the keepers and nurses were at supper, whom they proceeded to serve much in the same way as the other at the gate.

'I—I—I—who—o—o!' stuttered out the terrified man of physic, his knees tottering like a falling mast, and his winking and blinking eyes looking right into the muzzle of the pistol, which I held half-cocked, presented to his head.

'Who—o—o—Ja—a—ane!' I replied, savagely mocking him with the laugh of an hyena, and then added, 'Wretch, villain, thief of hell! lead on to where she is, or, by ——, I'll send a bullet whizzing through your brain, I will!'

'What's all that noise about, Mr. Tomkins?' screamed out a shrill, vixenish voice from one of the rooms above.

'I'll show you, my lady as the devil said to ——, Steady, snorter! 'war' steps!' was heard from outside. and in rode a dark, swarthy, thick-set man, ducking his head down between his horse's ears as he entered the doorway, mounted on a brown beast of sure foot and noble action, fit to have carried Wellington at Waterloo; and guiding the animal towards the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase, suddenly slacked the reins, and laying the flat of his cutlass gently across the ridge of his horse's neck, merely said, 'Way aloft, there! mount 'em, snorter!' and the beautiful and well trained animal clattered up the stairs at a trot, with its dare-devil owner (on whose head a price had been set,) 'Black Charley,' on his back, who seemed to enjoy the 'spree' with all the recklessness of a man who knew he had his neck in a haltar, and therefore was determined to be merry while he might. It was lucky for the surgeon that my attention was distracted by this singular apparition—for just then I was in no very safe humor to be played with: he himself thought the world was coming to an end, I believe, and in his fright mistook Black Charley mounted on a brown horse for Death on a pale one—for he swooned along the wall, instinctively catching, like a drowning man, at a small rope about the thickness of a bit of six-thread hanging down close by. The idea that it was connected with the bell, which might be set going by the mere force of his weight, flashed across Seymour in an instant.

'Not him, for God's sake, but the rope, the rope!' hastily exclaimed my cousin, on hearing the sharp click of the lock as I cocked it with my thumb. I had not practised for nothing; a touch of the trigger, a loud crack, and a fathom of the severed line come rattling about Mr. Tomkin's ears.

'By G— he scents her!' I sung out, as my faithful dog, who had been poor Jane's companion in many a ride and ramble through the Surrey lanes and woods in former happier days, set up a loud 'yaffle,' and made a bound in the direction of a door which had hitherto escaped my notice: following him into a long gallery with numbered doors on either side, I turned the handle, and pressed with all my strength against the one at which he stopped and scratched; but it was secured, and resisted all my efforts. Exclaiming loudly, 'Down, Jane! down with you full length on the floor!' I dropped on one knee, and ere Seymour, who was close at my heels, had time to strike the muzzle of my weapon up, rashly sent a brace of balls from my other pistol, crashing and splintering through the lock.

'Oh! Edward, Edward!' sobbed in broken accents the terrified and weeping girl, as she flung herself out to the full length of the chain that confined her to the wall, and clasped me round my knees, after I had burst into a room smaller and lower than a cabin, and filled with smoke from the discharge—'Oh! save me; bear me from this horrid place! I am not mad—I am not mad. Remember the hours, the days the years we spent together in our childhood, and save me, for our mother's sake.'

'I will! I have!' I gasped out, nearly suffocated by my conflicting passions; and then, as I regained my utterance, I burst out into a torrent of oaths and threats of vengeance against him whose base unmanly treatment of my sister after marriage would eclipse the darkest shades in the character of the most untutored savage.

'Talk not so dearest, for you frighten me. Indeed, indeed, I am very weak: he has——'

'He has! what, love, do you mean? Is he here, then? Your hour, sir, or mine has come at last, and I thank God for the boon!' I muttered fiercely, as the smoke cleared off, and my eyes met those of D——, who was leaning back, with an unmoved countenance, against the grated window, holding some papers in his hand and his head nearly touching the low ceiling.—But he answered not. The broad stream of blood de-

ending from his breast, and rolled along the floor from out between his feet, spoke for him, and told that he was dead! My gentle, timid sister shrieked aloud as as she viewed the crimson river flow slowly by her pallet; but her coarse, haughty, and revengeful, though affectionate, brother drew *himself* up, until his aching head pressed hard against the roof; and stretching out his arms in mockery towards the bleeding corpse, uttera blasphemous thanksgiving to the Almighty, that by his hand had her husband fallen, although at the time he slew him he knew not that he did it.

'Oh God! have mercy on my husband's soul, and forgive him, as I do! Oh, heavenly Father! spare my brother, and look down with pity on him, for he knows not what he says. Hold him, Seymour; save him as he falls!' were the last words uttered in a tone of unaffected piety and melancholy grief which would have riven any but a heart of stone—that struck upon my sinking senses on that night.

* * * * * * * * *

On awaking to consciousness, I found myself in France, stretched on a bed in a spacious room in the chateau belonging to the countess de L—— (my maternal aunt,) under whose care Jane had been placed immediately on our arrival in a foreign land. For many days both my reason and life had been despaired of, in consequence of a severe attack of brain fever, which had been brought on by the fatigue and over excitement I had undergone. Although now perfectly out of danger, it was sometime ere I was permitted to hear the subsequent incidents of that night on which I had acted a part that proved me much more fit to have been confined in a lunatic box myself than to have assisted in taking anybody out.

After I had fallen senseless into Seymour's arms, Wilson entered, and on perceiving the state of things immediately ordered the corpse of D—— (who, by being in the wake of the key-hole at the time I blew the lock in, had met his death when in the very act of obtaining my sister's signature to some piece of villany that he and his lawyer had concocted) to be removed from my sister's sight; one of the nurses to be unbound for the purpose of attending her; and Mr. Tompkins, the surgeon, to be recovered instanter, by the somewhat cruel, though extremely efficacious, application of a lighted candle to the bare soles of his feet, and conveyed on board the lugger, where the utmost exertions of his skill were called forth in making the most of a very slender stock of physic, by the threat of being headed up alive in an empty butt, and hove overbord, if any thing happened to either of his patients.

Part of the gang, including 'Black Charley,' had been left in possession of the ground; and, after making a very substantial supper, had, with characteristic love of mischief, and utter recklessness of after consequences, broken open all the sleeping cells, and freeing the poor mad creatures, let them loose on their keepers, who, being bound hand and foot, were, of course, perfectly incapable of opposing any resistance to the numerous bites and scratches that were inflicted on them. The smugglers then extinguished (as they thought) all the lights, and, locking the doors, went out, taking the mistress of the asylum with them; and owing her a grudge, for having refused them the shelter of her garden on one occasion, they 'sarved her out,' in the following manner:—Catching the horse of Major D——, they lashed her back to back to the dread corpse of the soldier officer, and seating him in his saddle, made his feet fast in the stirrups with a bit of ropeyarn, and, strapping the reins to his fingers, turned the animal adrift to gallop where it pleased.

God forbid that I should attempt to justify such heedless atrocities, productive of the worst consequences—for, as might have been expected, the house was destroyed, and its mistress, from that hour went raving mad, and died in Bethlem. I only relate *facts* which must be still fresh in the memory of more than one that I could name. The smugglers had scarcely quitted the scene of action ten minutes, ere flames burst out at the northern gable of the house; and 'Black Charley' had barely time to gallop back and save its inhabitants from being burnt alive. To describe the horrible scene of confusion which occurred would be impossible. Assistance soon arrived from the neighboring town, and, by God's good providence, no lives were lost; but that sun which but the evening before had sunk down to rest behind a noble mansion, rose in the morning on a smouldering heap of ashes. Government took it up, and the Sussex coast was soon too hot to hold either Wilson or his men; but none of them were ever caught—for at that time it was about as likely to meet with success in running after a smuggler as in chasing a pound of quicksilver down a mountain. As to Wilson, he was always here, there, and everywhere—at one time in command of a lugger, at another on top of a horse training his men, and occasionally up in London seeing that everything went on 'all right' at the rendezvous. Jane, Seymour, and myself returned to England just in time to avoid forming a part of the unhappy *detenus* at that period, and for Seymour and myself to be apprehended. My cousin was liberated almost immediately, as the grand jury ignored the bill concerning 'Tracy Seymour,' but found a true one against 'Edward Jervis,' and he was dragged as a felon to the dock, and tried at the bar of his country for murder and arson; but the jury 'acquitted the prisoner' without a moments hesitation, and the populace loudly cheered him as he drove away, in seated triumph on the top of Lord A——'s four-in-hand. But neither the approbation of the mob, the gratitude of his sister, nor the powerful interest of lord A——, had any effect in restoring him to his rank and half-pay in the service, both of which he was deprived of, for not choosing to consider it a part of his duty, as an officer and a man of honor, to act either as a common informer or exciseman.

Early one morning in the latter part of the year 1806, I was seated before the fire in the breakfast room of my sister's house (not my own, reader, for I never possessed any thing with a roof to it grander than a dog-kennel,) in Berkly square, with my hands in my pocket, and a foot resting on each hob, brooding over the events of my fortunate and happy life, and trying to remember how many years I might have numbered before good luck and I shook hands and parted, never to meet again. Jane came and knelt beside my chair, and patting the head of my old Newfoundland dog with one hand, laid the other gently on my arm, and, looking up in my face, said, in a soft hesitating tone, 'Brother Edward!'

'Sister Jane!'

'Do you remember my asking a great favor of you a long, long time ago, and your putting me off, by saying that you would give me an answer when I was three-and-twenty, and not till then, as no 'woman ever comes to the proper years of discretion before that time?'—This is my three-and-twentieth birth day. Here is the letter; do let me send it Edward, it will make me so happy!'

'Where is it?'

'Here!' answered the beautiful young, widow in the unsuspicious innocence of her heart putting it into an outstretched hand ——'Oh, Edward! how cruel of you! on my birthday, too!' and poor Jane burst into tears as she viewed her epistle to 'Messrs. P——and C——, of B—— street, solicitors,' flame away in glorious style.

'Jane, I am not cruel. And now I tell you, once for all, that I have enough, and more than enough for all the wants. When my father cursed me with his dying breath, he meant not that I should ever share the wealth he toiled and sacrificed his health in India for; and I inherit too much of his haughty, unforgiving spirit ever so to do. When I accepted the run of my teeth in this house, I do it that I might become the protector of my sister, and not her pensioner; and, so help me God! as long as the navy is in want of foremast men, I never will. Dry your eyes, love; I am not worth any body's tears, and you have known what it is to shed enough with real cause not to be quite so ready with them when there happens to be none. There, there's a knock at the door; some one for me, no doubt; so run up stairs, or people will think we've been fighting!'

Presently Wilson, whom I had not been for a long while, was announced: rough but friendly greetings passed between us, and he sat down, looking pale anxious, and agitated. 'You are quite a stranger, Wilson!'

'Would to heaven I had ever seen so!' he exclaimed; and then, struggling with his feelings, added, 'Jervis, I am going to speak to you on a subject which ——;' but here something brought him up with a round turn, and I endeavored to give him time for recovery, by congratulating him for about the sixth time on the free pardon which government had accorded him (on his finding securities for never engaging in 'free trade'' again,) for his conduct in swimming off with with a rope to a brig of war in distress, when none of the boats would venture to put to sea, and by that means saving the lives of the officers and ship's company. 'But for that pardon I should never have come here to-day. I am prepared for the reception I shall meet with when James Wilson, once an outlawed, hunted smuggler, tells Edward Jervis that he loves his sister, and has ever done so from a boy:' and he rose from his chair, and stood erect, as if in expection of a furious burst of rage. I was taken all aback. 'I know,' he continued, 'that my former unfortunate profession is an insuparable bar to our union; but ——'

'The sister of a disgraced king's officer,' I bitterly added 'with a damning mark of 'broke the service' fixed against his name, is a fitting wife for a pardoned smuggler. I have braved too much of the world's scorn to mind its censure when I say—so that you can win her; wear her! and, 'outlawed, hunted smuggler' though he once has been, there breathes not a man in England that I would sooner hail as brother than James Wilson!' who stood speechless evidently not prepared for the reception that he met with; but at the same time I took the liberty of reminding him that there was another person to be consulted on the occasion, and that said person had refused so many 'eligible,' offers, that I doubted whether she was ever going to try her luck in the matrimonial line again. He asked me to 'speak for him.' 'No, Wilson, never! I am a bad hand in an '*affaire du cœur*,'—for I never had but one, and we all know how that terminated. Speak for yourself, man, and God send you what it has seldom been my lot to meet with, success!' and, ringing the bell, I desired the servant to tell his mistress that she was wanted on business; and down he came Jane.

'How do you do, Mr. Wilson? Well, Edward what is it?'

'He'll tell you,' I said pointing to poor Wilson, who, now that Jane had come in, stood looking as much like a fool as if any body had paid him so much an hour for remaining stuck to one spot to be laughed at. Thinking I was '*de trop*,' I went out, and, locking the door upon them, stood sentry in the hall, for fear of eavesdroppers. Soon after a very plaintive voice said, 'Edward how can you do so! I can't get out—let me out!' and as I freed the captive she slipped by me like a shot, and hastily ran up stairs.

A few months after the papers announced the marriage of 'James Wilson, Esq. eldest son of Major General Wilson, of Blanket hall, Berks, to Jane, relict of the late Major D——, and only daughter of the late sir E. Jervis, knt. formerly of the Bengal civil service, of Berkeley square, London, and of ——house, in the county of Surrey.'

Wilson's reconciliation with his father followed his marriage with my sister, whose lot since has been as happy as mine is otherwise—for 'my dead father's curse is working yet;' and there is something within me which forebodes that the 'last state of this man shall be worse than the first,' and that my destines are not yet fulfilled. But enough of this. My eldest nephew and godson, Edward, bears the rank his uncle once did, viz.—that of a lieutenant in the British Navy, to which noble service he bids fair to be an honor; my second, George, is a coronet in the ——th Hussars; and my niece, Jane, is at the moment I am writing this, dancing away to her heart's content at the Surrey yeomanry ball at Epsom; while the 'bold smuggler,' has settled down into a quiet country, coursing gentleman, and become within the last few years a country magistrate.

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

PLAIN RULES FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Sunday. The Sabbath from its Hebrew etymology signifies *rest;* it is therefore right and proper, whatever be the occupation of every one whom I especially address, that he should sleep all day. But Sir! you may not choose to do this; and as I only counsel and cannot compel you, I will go on to specify another method of spending it. It is a pity you will not agree to the first proposition, for thereby some words might be saved.

I suppose you to lie in bed at least till breakfast is over; having arisen, you make your toilet for church, if you intend to go; or take some novel, Joseph Andrews, Roderick Random, Falkland or the like, and with a cigar and your slippers read away the morning. But if you are in the habit of attending public worship, or there is a new preacher, or a new belle, or you have a coat of the newest fashion, you will go to church. The time of arrival there is immaterial: any moment during the preliminary prayers will answer. In the winter season it is too cold and in the summer too warm, for you to stand at the door; you will therefore (during the prayers, as I said) enter, and walk up the aisle. The middle should be preferred, and no pains should be taken to prevent your shoes from creaking; for otherwise, some of the congregation, in their devotions, might not observe you, and the edifying example of your attendance would be lost. In selecting a pew, if you have not one of your own, various tastes may be consulted.

First: you perhaps know a family of young ladies, rather disposed to chatter and smile or play with their books and fans. In these recreations you may be inclined to join, and as they are perfectly innocent in themselves, you had better encourage them. There is nothing more beautiful and becoming in youth, than to behold it thus yielding to its pure and unsophisticated impulses. When old age comes it is time enough to be staid and sober.

Secondly: If you chance to prefer the company of your own sex, select a place where two or three, with whom you are well acquainted are stationed. With them, as with the former, you may keep up a conversation; but, a running commentary on the prayers, music, and preaching is most appropriate. If one of your friends carries a snuff-box and you are not accustomed to snuff, you had better take a pinch occasionally, to make you sneeze. Your head will thus be cleared, and if the discourse be doctrinal or argumentative, you can understand it the better.

But thirdly: it is probably more agreeable to you to sit alone. Following then your inclinations, seek out a pew for your separate accommodation, somewhere near the altar; and when safely enclosed, commence your meditations by a deliberate survey of the multitude up stairs and down. Be very watchful of any stranger or pretty girl, immediately before or behind you, for the one may steal your purse and the other your heart.—Your observation of all around may be more general, if you stand upon the foot-stool. When in this position pull off your gloves, and if you have a pocket comb, reduce your hair to order according to your taste, and smooth your whiskers, if you own a pair. Having also adjusted your collar and vest, your handkerchief should be applied to your nose; let the blast be as loud as possible, in order to divide attention with the minister; a praiseworthy design under republican institutions, which abhor monopolies of any kind. When a hymn is sung, join in by all means, especially if the choir be select and you are not familiar with the tune, or if you have a bad voice and no ear for music; otherwise you cannot show your zeal, and will never learn.

While the text is being read, you had better cough, shuffle your feet, or slam the pew-door, and so force the preacher to repeat it. This is advantageous by impressing it more firmly on the minds of hearers. During the sermon if you feel disposed, lean your head on the front of the pew, or make a pillow of the psalm books and stretch yourself for a nap. Perhaps it may be in your power to give audible nasal proofs of your slumbers. The effect of this is excellent, as it convinces every one of your peaceful and secure state of mind and conscience, and inclines them to imitate the conduct of one, who is evidently too virtuous to need instruction. Happy youth! they would mentally exclaim, remorse has placed no blot on the fair tablet of your heart!

When the collection is going on, provided you are not asleep, give yourself no trouble about feeling for your purse, until the box, bag or plate, as it may be, is presented. A deliberate search is then becoming, the longer the better, and if you have no small money, throw in a five or ten dollar bill and take out the change, leaving a sixpence or a copper according to your means or inclination. If a dog strays up the aisle, you may snap your fingers or whistle gently to him, which perhaps may keep him from barking; or if a child be near you, attract its notice, and by some playful means keep it smiling; much crying may thus be spared and the child will be particularly edified.

At the conclusion of the service, put on your hat and hastening to the vestibule, place yourself in front of the retiring crowd. Should you find some crony there it will be a good opportunity to make observations upon any peculiarity of face, figure, dress, or manner of each one who may pass.—Such remarks should be audible, in order that those who need amendment, in any of the specified particulars, may profit by your good taste and superior judgment. Homely persons, who have no help for their objectionable appearance will learn to stay at home; as for others they can amend.* Here is the proper place to edge yourself along side of of some female acquaintance, to escort her home.—Seize her book and parasol, and if the sun be at oxi-hydrogen blow-pipe temperature, consider her bonnet a better protection from its rays than your narrow brimmed beaver, and preserve your complexion by the exclusive use of the article in question. Having arrived at the house, open the door and enter first without an invitation:—young ladies admire young gentlemen who are unreserved and easy in their manners. When you have entered the parlor or drawing room stand still until the lady has handed you a chair; a cortesy due you as her guest. You may now appositely repeat the remarks made at the church door with any charitable additions suggested by reflection. If you perceive any indications of extra-preparation for dinner on your account, as might happen in some families, do not think of going, but wait until you are invited to stay as the meal is announced; then say that you always dine at home on the Sabbath,—a most christian excuse—which will raise you in the estimation of the family; and take your leave.

In the afternoon, while the bells are ringing, (always provided you are not asleep,) you should take a ride or a drive in company with some kindred spirit. Be sure to dash through the streets as fast as possible, paying no regard to the safety of the good people going to meeting; for should you run over one or two, they will readily pardon you, on account of the eagerness you evince in getting out of town before church time, lest the clattering of hoofs or rattling of wheels should interrupt their worship. An appropriate resort on these occasions is some garden or tavern a few miles from town. There, in all probability you will meet some friends of your own age, and as they may drink and swear and play ten-pins or some other game of wholesome exercise, your participation will be nothing more than civil and can give no scandal. Towards sundown you will be warm and in good spirits, your horse will have rested and be prime for a race or trotting match. A small bet may incite you to greater exertion, and if the animal be a good one, he must also feel anxious to win. As you enter the town, it is a time when the old folks are at the windows and the young gentry enjoying a walk; pass therefore through the most public streets, or where you are best known; and the exhibition of your Jehu accomplishments may gain you many admirers and convince the matrons of the propriety of entrusting their daughters to one of your skill, should you ever tender your services to escort them on a ride.

The evening, after ten, is best spent in waltzing about the public squares or standing at the corners, to inspect every poor girl who is obliged to go to church without a protector, and addressing some friendly question to her, or observation upon her appearance; which must be a convincing proof of your good breeding and your spirit of entire social equality. But if you prefer to visit some reigning belle, it is a mark of Gallantry to do so, you may entertain her, by detailing the proceedings of the afternoon, the drinking and playing, with any embellishments of the conversation you think worth repeating. The race should be minutely described, and if you were so fortunate as to be the winner, you will be esteemed according to the locomotive success of your horse. When tired of talking, loll on the sofa; and when sufficiently rested, do not fail to tell her how intolerably dull Sunday evenings are without music or amusement of any kind; pull out your watch, and you may express your surprise that it is only nine o'clock though you supposed it was after ten. Having taken your hat, light a cigar at the lamp in the hall, and as you go out, whistle 'home, sweet home!' which will leave a favorable impression of your domestic propensities.

You can retire either to a coffee house or to bed immediately. If to the former, do not stay later than twelve o'clock, which is a reasonable hour. When your head is at last on the pillow, you will fall asleep haply in the consciousness of a well spent day.

*Should a father, husband or brother knock you down or pull your nose, in consequence of such remarks upon a lady, you will consider the sanctity of the place his protection, and therefore treat his rudeness with silent contempt.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorize presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, TWENTY-FIVE for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM.

The Manuscripts must be sent ☞ post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication.

Boston, June 1, 1836.

TEXAS.—It seems to us that our citizens do not take sufficient interest for their own security, in the difficulties between Texas and Mexico. As the aspect now is, we do not see how a collision between the United States and Mexico can be avoided, supposing the Texans to take the course which their interests seem to require of them. It seems impossible for them to avoid putting the monster Santa Anna to death—and the voice of the whole community would concur in a fiat so stern but so just. But what then is the effect? The Mexicans believe, and it cannot be denied that the citizens of our nation have given them full cause—they believe that nothing has sustained Texas thus far but the countenance received from the United States, and the voluntary assistance rendered to her by numbers of our citizens.

Under these circumstances they have threatened to put to death all American citizens in certain portions of Mexico, the moment that the certainty should be made known that their former President had fallen beneath the just revenge of the Texans. The knowledge of this threat and the probability, from appearances, that it would be summarily executed upon the consummation of the contingency, have been well known—and yet no decided expression of opinion has been called forth. The Government has not acted with the decision which seems to us to be necessary. Indeed, throughout the war, we have stood in the situation of a neutral, as far as any expression of opinion by government has been concerned, and of a decided partisan as far as the real sentiment and *action* of the citizens have influenced the question. We do not suppose that it is the duty of our government to restrain volunteers from proceeding to Texas—indeed it may not have the power. But as it has silently permitted them so to do, the Mexicans undoubtedly consider its course as a tacit approval of the cause of Texas, and of necessity actually inimical to themselves.

We fear, as we have said, an injury to American citizens, and an involvement of the United States in the war. That this is an event heartily desired by thousands among us cannot be doubted—but that measures should be taken to secure the lives and property of citizens resident in Mexico, appears to be called for by every feeling of humanity, and honor, and pride.

OBITUARY.

Old Bass is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more—
At every bar in debt he ran,
His heirs must clear the score.

Died, at Portland, whither he had gone by the advice of his physician, Mr. ELNATHAN BASS, in the 60th year of his age. In the demise of Mr. Bass, the editors of this city have met with an irreparable loss. In the department of light literature, he was pre-eminent, and many a good joke of his has appeared in the columns of our cotemporaries; but the sayings of Bass are now at an end. He died as he had lived, with a witticism on his lips, for while sinking into one of those fainting fits which immediately precede dissolution, his nurse smoothed his pillow, and beckoning to a gentleman to assist her, said—'Will you be raised up, Mr. Bass?'

'*Yes*,' returned he, '*at the last day*,' and immediately expired. We understand that a literary gentleman of this city—the same who compiled O'Connell's Adventures—has been applied to for the purpose of arranging his literary remains and writing a memoir of his life. Jordan will probable have the work when it is published.

An honest Clergyman once reproved a notorious gambler and drunkard for his mal-practices; which gave rise to a current report that there was a quarrel subsisting between the two parties. In order to do away such an impression, the reverend gentleman stated to his congregation, from the pulpit, that such was not the fact. "Although I have reproved him for his immorality," said the preacher, "yet I can safely say, that at present *there is no difference between us*."

A wag, in reading the account of the last rail road accident, observed that times had changed since the Bible was written; for that now it was the "straight and narrow way which led to destruction."

A western paper very gravely informs the public that the Benjamin Park who was indicted in Boston for entering a store with felonious intent, is not Park Benjamin, Esq. the Editor of the New England Magazine —as has been generally supposed."

JUSTICE.—How awfully responsible is the situations of Judge and Jury, and, we fear, how comparatively light is the solemn obligation estimated by many. What is the duty of a Jury?—To decide according to the law and the evidence—and this duty must be sternly, strictly performed. Is it so? Not always—we were about to say not *often*—for many Jurors pride themselves upon deciding according to circumstances, setting the law at defiance—forgetting that they "have an oath in heaven!"

What is the duty of a Judge?—To sit in judgment on his fellows and pass sentence upon them according to the merits of the offence of which a Jury of his countrymen have adjudged them guilty. It is for him to consider circumstances—and well should he weigh them—and incitements—and motives too—for they may have powerful bearing on the amount of the guilt.

Justice as administered by human laws in civilized lands, may be righteous—but oh, how impossible it is for one man to fathom the feelings of another!—how fataly a thermometer of the views of others are the views of him who may sit in judgment! Oh Heaven! It pains us to think of the minds that have necessarily been blasted by false decisions in Courts of Justice!—false because man cannot make them always true. How many have had a weight of evidence accumulated against them until it has become a huge and damning mass, which has been hurled at their fair fame and crushed it, and made men spurn them, and brought ignominious punishment upon them, who, from some cause or other, some motive unexplained, some variety of character—have been, at the moment that the condemning fiat had gone forth and the record of their fair character had been forever erased, were innocent, ay, innocent as when they lay calmly in infancy and slept on their mothers' bosoms—unstained by intention of sin, which is all the sin, as are the angels of light! How many such have gone to their dungeons with the thought of their innocence and the worlds unbelief swelling within them—to some a holy consolation—to others a burning hell in their bosoms!

Within a short time, two young men, yes boys in a town in this state in a moment of foolish roguery, got into the chaise of a gentleman who had left his horse untied, and rode off undoubtedly to take a ride and return the horse. They were seized before they returned—and they have since been tried for horse stealing and condemned to the States Prison for two years each!

They are perhaps *ruined*—and their parents are mourning day after day at the horrible thought that their sons are in the abode of felons—cut off in the hope of their years for an *imputed* not a *real* crime. Here motives should have been considered—here *justice* should have been done. A pardon will undoubtedly be obtained for them, but this is a present and startling instance of the necessity of estimating motives for an act *when it can be done*. Alas! how often are they mistaken!

HOW TO GET RID OF A BORE.—A young man who had just opened shop was much incommoded by an idle bachelor, who lived on the interest of his money, and contrived to pass away his time by loitering in the stores and offices of his neighbors. The young tradesman endeavored to dislodge him from his premises by hints and inuendoes, and cold neglect, and inattention to his remarks—but without effect. He, at length, related his grievances to an old merchant, a shrewd character, who was never at a loss for an expedient. 'You do wrong,' said the old gentleman. 'Treat him in future with the most punctilious civility, and devote as much time to him as you can.'

The young man stared, but, nevertheless, followed the advice of his senior. On the next morning, the troublesome visitor entered his shop as usual, and seated himself on a bale of goods. The shopkeeper, with a countenance full of well counterfeited anxiety, ran and drew forth an easy arm-chair, and insisted that the bachelor should use that for his convenience, declaring that it was a scandal for so worthy a neighbor to be seated so much below his deserts. He stunned the intruder with compliments, accompanied by humble conges, until he was fairly seated in the great chair. 'You are exactly in the draft of air from the window,' cried he, and then he made the man remove to a more safe spot. He ran and got the newspaper, and plied him with so many assiduities that the bachelor found himself wholly divested of that quiet repose which he had so often found in the shop of the young dealer. He made his visit as short as possible, and when he repeated it, he was again persecuted with so many *polite* attentions, overwhelmed with so many civilities, that he found himself, 'like Noah's dove of rest bereft'—and in a few minutes, made his final escape—never returning to a place where such constant drafts were made upon his gratitude and acknowledgment.

ULTRAS.—Ultra critics and fault-finders mistake the truth vastly, when they imagine it to be a mark of wisdom and good judgment to detect imperfections—at the same time that beauty and excellence escape their notice. Just and liberal criticism is requisite to preserve the public taste in a healthful state—to detect empiricism, and put down arrogant assumption; but you fault-finding-cynics who look forever on the dark side of objects, and are incapable of appreciating the best specimens of art, because they imagine they have found a flaw—are a dead weight about the neck of rising merit instead of helping forward the cause of literature, clogs the wheels of Apollo's car, and burthen it with their own useless mass, like the dead Hector at the tail of Achilles' chariot. It is a poor excuse for such individuals, that they have been unfortunate and disappointed—may, their conduct affords a clue to the cause of their disappointments—for human nature is not yet fallen so low, that malignant jealousy and selfish exclusiveness are the highest recommendations to the applause of mankind.

"But," says our critic, "every man has his faults, and I can see them." Not doubted, by any means—but are you as sharp-sighted to discover his virtues? Is it the part of wisdom to enter a beautiful garden, and shoot your eyes to every object except an intrusive thistle which has grown up a neglected comer? But our cynic is generous, for he acknowledges that he has his faults also, and when desired to name it modestly replies, "It is my misfortune that I always *will* speak just what I think!"

Humbling confession! disinterested and deserted man! Martyr to Truth! Well, he has divested us of all our resentment, since he has so frankly acknowledged that he is not himself immaculate—nay, he has inspired us with an interest for him, since "e'en his failings lean to to Virture's side." A friend who has travelled much relates an anecdote to the point. Being in a strange city and without friends, a young Scotchman kindly invited him to supper. The table was spread in true Graham taste, and, for want of more substantial articles, the assidus host appeared detetermined to regale his company with an intellectual feast—which he did by commenting severely on the character of his friends.—"But," said one of the visitors, "you must recollect that all men have faults."

"Oh, yes"—very faulty responded the Censor, "I dont deny that I have my fault—I know that——"

"Will you just tell us what your *fault* is?" interrupted the other.

"Oh yes" -said the host—"to tell the plain truth about it. And you know that it is so, and why should I try to hide it? I am a great deal too *free hearted* for my own good!"

Dibdin says of Cooke that the grace with which he apologized, when sober, for offences committed while in a state of inebriation, rendered it almost an object with some people to receive an affront from him.—This reminds us of a man who was so partial to Nature's simple beverage that he invariably got drunk over night, in order to enjoy the delicious effects of cold water in the morning.

Mr. Editor—The "New England Galaxy" of the 9th inst. has been shown me by a *gentleman* of this town, (a subscriber for the paper,) containing an editorial article, headed, 'Postmasters and Newspapers,' in which the editor states that a lady of this town, and the only subscriber for his paper here, had complained that, although 'she has a box at the post office, she gets only about a third of her papers,' and that when they did come, 'they are found in the box without an envelope, several days after they are due, and tumbled as if they had been read;' and the editor thereupon proposes certain interrogatories to me which I shall answer briefly, although I consider the course he has taken as unfair and ungentlemanly. In the first place there are two subscribers to the Galaxy in this town, one a gentleman and the other a lady. The papers should come on different days, but frequently come on the same day. The lady in question says that she informed the editor that she received *but about two thirds* of her papers, and I am satisfied that she is correct. There is no paper taken at this office which is so irregularly received, and which so often fails of being received at all. The number, for instance, which should have come last Sunday, did not come until Tuesday. In regard to the papers having been put in the box without wrappers, I refer the knowing editor to the Postmaster General's Instructions to Postmasters, chap. 22, sec. 185, which reads thus: "The wrappers of all newspapers, pamphlets and magazines, received by mail, for delivery, should be taken off. Frauds are sometimes attempted, by concealing letters or memorandums in these articles. A wrapper forms no part of the paper or pamphlet; neither is postage paid on it."

And further, let me inform Mr. Harrington, that I *have never* been connected with a reading room; have none of my own; there is none in this town, nor has there been for many years. That I have not read a Galaxy, or any article in one, since it was published by Mr. Buckingham, nor has that paper ever been read in my office—his "*intimations*" to the contrary notwithstanding.

By giving the above an insertion you will oblige

WM. WARD, JR.

Augusta, Me. July 14 1836.

Mr Ward uses very severe language in reference to the course we have taken to arrive at the truth in reference to the irregularity with which a subscriber at Augusta receives her papers. That we took an open and decided course, we allow—but our motive was good—our desire being to assure our subscribers that it should not be from our negligence that they were disappointed in receiving their papers. If Mr Ward feels aggrieved by our appeal to him, we are willing to grant him every adequate means of redress by publishing his vindication of himself in full.

In regard to there being two subscribers in Augusta, it being a fact of which we were ignorant, we are willing to make every proper apology—but that is but a slight circumstance. In reference to the main points of the matter, Mr Ward has given explicit answers to our questions, and as may be seen, has wholly vindicated himself. We are bound to believe him, and we are willing to do so, since our only wish and the wish of our subscriber was to ferret out the truth.

But Mr Ward acknowledges that the paper comes very irregularly. There is then a fault somewhere. The whole of the Eastern Mail is put into the Post Office at the same time, and of course, if it were our fault, all our Eastern subscribers would be complaining, which is not the case. We should under these circumstances, be much pleased to find out where the difficulty lies.

We hope Mr. Ward will appreciate our motive for the course we have taken, and we assure him of our regret if we have unjustly wounded his feelings.

LOWELL, July 21st, 1836.

EDITOR OF THE "NEW ENGLAND GALAXY."

SIR,—My attention has this moment been called to an article in your paper of the 9th inst. headed "Postmasters and Newspapers," in which one of my assistants informs me allusion is made to me, in the paragraph beginning with these words. "In another instance, the Postmaster betrayed himself. He is an officer in a large manufacturing city, not thirty miles from Boston," &c. After stating what you supposed the carelessness consisted in, you say—"We wrote the careless Postmaster a pretty severe letter, to which he has not condescended to make any explanatory reply: for which we feel disposed to give his name in full." Now, sir, I do not doubt that you make the charge of *carelessness* in sincerity; and I shall therefore proceed to show that the cause of your complaint originated not in carelessness but *carefulness*.

Your paper was directed to 'P. Whiting,' and when it arrived at this office, was put into *Phineas Whiting's box*. He was an old gentleman, and upon the point of death. He survived but a short time after. He had not been at the office for a long time; and his papers, &c. were taken out by his son, who refused *the paper in question*. After waiting a suitable time, and no other person calling for it, you were notified of the fact, "as the law directs." It seems probable that a young gentleman of Boston, who has since married Mr. W.'s daughter, had ordered the paper, unknown, to the brother who called at the office.

You see, therefore, that I am not justly chargeable with carelessness; and that the occurrence grew out of a mere accident, over which I had no control. You do me injustice also, in supposing that the reason your 'severe letter' was not answered, was a want of *condescension* on my part.

As soon as the mistake was known, through the means furnished by your letter, it was rectified, which is usually all the condescension required, or even desired in such cases. You will easily perceive that mistakes in an office of this magnitude might occur without rendering me liable to the charge of carelessness; and that when ascertained and corrected, I might find more useful employment, than answering 'pretty severe letters' relating to them; I trust, however, that I shall perform my duty to the public and the government in such a manner, as to fear no investigation from any quarter whatever. You do not, of course, blame me for the Augusta affair. But I think from an article in the Post of this morning, that in that case the Postmaster was less in fault than you suppose. I have reason to believe that the complaint of the non arrival of newspapers is generally attributable to the careless manner in which they are done up. The wrappers get worn off in the mail bags; and of course the papers fail to reach their destination.

The care which had been taken of your 'forty papers' should have convinced you that there was no gross carelessness on my part in regard to the *one* to justify either a 'severe letter,' or a *severe* newspaper article. May I not then trust that, after perusing the above statement, you will do yourself the honor, and me the justice, to place the question between us on its proper ground before the public?

Your obedient servant,

ELIPHALET CASE.

Mr Case is right in supposing that we alluded to him; and we seemed to have good reason. He has also exculpated himself. And we offer to him the same apology we tender to Mr. Ward—deeming it no disgrace to acknowledge ourself wrong, when our motives were only to discover the right.

We could but laugh at the answer Mr Case has given us in reference to *condescension*. We hoped for an answer, but must surely confess with a smile "that Mr Case's remedy of the matter was a sufficient reply. We can only say to Mr C. that we obtained our information from the subscriber himself, who informed us at the same time that the paper was declared "not called for" by the Postmaster that he had repeatedly called for his paper at Lowell and could not get it.

Mr Case's general remarks respecting wrappers &c. we think very proper and in many cases true,—we hope however that it will not apply to us.

The following epitaph was discovered on an old grave stone in Vermont, "Underneath this marble slab, there lies a man, who, when alive, lived wholly to himself. Let him, therefore, be his own mourner."

A BLACK JOKE.—The late Hon. T. Bigelow, Judge Dana, Governor Smith, James Wilson, and other distinguished counsellors of the day, were in the habit of attending the sessions of the courts at Hopkinton. It so happened that they at one time fell in company; the snow was deep, and only one path made for travelling. On their way they overtook a black woman of immense diameter, waddling onward, whom they passed with some difficulty.—Wilson was far behind in a single sleigh. Smith thought the opportunity for a joke too fair to be resisted. He stopped and asked the wench if she would like to ride as far as the tavern, a few miles ahead—she thanked him, and said that the going was so bad that she was hardly able to walk, and should be very glad to ride. The grave Judge told her that his servant was just behind, and could carry her as well as not, and she must jump into his sleigh and ask no questions; said he, 'my servant will object, but don't mind him.' She was much pleased, and promised to do so.' The several gentlemen went on to the public house to await the issue. Soon came up Wilson, with his new companion, to the infinite amusement of the spectators.—Mr Wilson soon understood the whole matter. Mr Smith asked the *lady* if she met with any difficulty in getting into the sleigh—'*Yes*,' said she, 'the man was just as you told me he would be, monstrous cross, but I jumped in and told him that h's master give me leave, and he could not help himself.'

Jere. Smith, (late Governor of N. H.) while at the bar was in full practice, but becoming a member of Congress, he lost it. On his return, he attended Court as usual.—Rob. Fletcher, the Clerk, with a design to provoke his wit, called on him for his list of entries. He told the Clerk with much sang-froid, that if he would favor him with paper, he would make them—this being done, he prepared as follows—

Common-sense vs. James Wilson.

Common honesty vs. Nathl. Green and B. Chase.

The joke went the round of the bar. Wilson, who was present, said nothing till the laugh was over—he then addressed the court as follows—'May it please your honors, in the several cases mentioned on the docket and entries of the honorable gentleman late from Congress, I beg leave to say, that in the one against me, there will be a serious trial—as to Green and Chase, they will be defaulted.

In Roxbury, some years ago, there lived an apothecary whose legs were somewhat of the *drum stick* order—he was of a very irritable disposition, and the wags of the day took great delight in tormenting him by sundry messengers to request the loan of his boots to run candles in—stating that the moulds they had were too large.

The case of Curtis Laws, who was indicted for obtaining goods under false pretences, has resulted in his acquittal.—Mr. Sprague was eloquent and impressive, and cleared his client by the price of *truth* alone. Mr. Parker followed in his usual logical, racy, and interesting style, and closed by a very happy allusion to Mr. Phoenix, the prosecuting attorney in the case of Robinson. That Mr. *Laws* should be acquitted by the *Laws*, might have been expected, as 'Wolf will not eat wolf.'

ANECDOTE. Dr. Mitchell of New York found an excellent scite for producing an echo, on the shore of the Hudson River. Several of his friends accompanied him to the spot, and while the rocks were throwing back the salutation of 'How do you do?' an Irishman of the party, being determined to indicate the superiority of the 'auld country,' remarked that in Kilcanny, in Ireland, was an echo which himself had heard that would not only repeat the aforesaid greeting, but would ax your pardon very politely into the bargain.

Jere. Smith, well known to be second to no one in respectability and talent, and in advance of most others in genuine wit and humor, being asked by a distinguished gentleman and friend to put his name to a certificate touching character and qualifications, seemed to hesitate. The gentleman perceiving it, remarked that he had heretofore spoken many good words for him. 'Yes,' said the wit, 'and *suffered greatly in my character by reason of it*.' He joined in the laugh, and signed the paper.

Some men attempt to hide their bad passions and propensities, by the specious covering of *piety* and honor; vain indeed will be the effort to cover the blackness of iniquity, by a vail which is always transparent.

In our intercourse through life, custom and fashion give direction to our thoughts, interest and passion, pushing them on to action.

The surest way to baffle false reports, and disappoint those grovelling souls who raised them, is to despise them and seem as though they had never reached you.

True merit, modestly waits in retirement to be called—vain assurance and selfishness, substitute vice for virtue, and obtrude themselves unasked and undesired, to seats designed for their betters.

No woman, let her be ever so ugly, doubts but she has some redeeming quality that makes her a little superior to others of her sex—if her face resembles a pick axe, her foot may be small and delicate, and she says to herself, what gentleman is there who does not think much of a lady's foot!

STATE AND CITY.—The Auctioneers of Baltimore, it is said are in a strange dilemma. The State says that the tax on them belongs to it, and the city claims said tax as belonging to *it*—and between the two the poor knights of the Auctioneer knows not which way to turn. They probably feel unwilling to satisfy the demands of both parties and therefore feel the sad effects of opposing both. These conflicts between State and City must surely be very unnecessary easily settled.

"ENGLISH LOZENGES MADE HERE."—Laughable though it is, such is the vetitable lettering on a sign in a confectioners store here in Yankee Boston—and what is better too, the fellow is coining money by the sale of them.

THE ROTUNDA—It is rumored, says the N. Y. Star, that the names of Alston, Vanderlyn, Suman, Coley, Mount, Cole, Doughty, Birch and Catlin are those painters from among whom the commitee will select the artists to paint the vacant pannels in the Rotunda of the Capitol with proper and appropriate subject to correspond with *Trumbull's Battle piece*.

The report that Deacon Weld of the Pearl, is about establishing an extensive Graham Bread Bakery, turns out to be a fabrication.

CALUMNY A TUMULT.—In times of excitement, many honest minded people think it their duty to enter into the scrape and endeavor to propose what they think is calculated to allay the turmoil—they in their turn, become strenuous advocotes for their own *peaceful* measures, and are soon as warm in the fight as the original disorganisers.—A much better example they would set and better citizens would they prove themshlves by keeping entirely aloof and quietly pursuing their own business. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

A FRIEND IN DISGUISE.—A gentleman was once encountered rather rudely by his neighbor, who had sat rather longer than was his wont in an adjoining tavern. He gave the blunderer a push, accompanied with an angry ejaculation. "No—no offence," hiccuped the staggerer—"I am only a *friend in disguise*."

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN INTO OBEDIENCE.—The system of frightening children for the purpose of deterring them from mischief, is still pursued by some thoughtless and culpable females. Many persons can trace the timidity which clings to them in riper age to this abominable practice of those who had the care of their early years. It is an offence against human nature which should come under the cognizance of the laws. The State Prison is none too bad for the foolish parents or guardians who could blast the only promise of an innocent child by infusing notions into its tender mind of which mature reason will not completely rid it

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Pope says that "every woman is at heart a *rake*."—This accounts for the circumstance that King Richard III. was born with *teeth*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Literary Remains of Hazlitt.—New York, Saunders & Otley—Boston, Light & Horton. The first thing that struck us when we opened this book, was the portrait of Hazlitt. It is peculiarly striking. It has something of the look of Fieschi without quite so much boldness of feature and wildness of expression. The eye—the expression—the contour of the forehead, are all singularly marked, and betray one of those heads which belong to remarable men—and Hazlitt we consider a remarkable man.

To criticise the works of such a man would be useless; and we should not dare to do it without having bestowed more careful attention than our duties have allowed us.

The editors have here and there quarrelled with the paper on which the book is printed. Saunders & Otley will avoid a similar mistake, we trust.

Elks Watawa, *or the Prophet of the West.*—New York—Harpers; Boston—Russell, Shattuck & Co. This book gives a history of Tecumseh and his brother the celebrated Prophet—and has the details of the battles in which the chieftain lost his life. We have read parts of the work although we have been unable to do it justice by an entire perusal. The author has labored for effect in humorous composition, and has often succeeded—while at other times his efforts is evident, and the result imperfect. We have published in our coulumns short extract or two from the book, which will be evidence of its value.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Common Council on *Thursday evening, William Hayden, Jr, was chosen Clerk pro tem.*

The resolutions from the Board of Aldermen respecting a suitable demonstration of regret for the death of Ex-President Madison, came up for consideration, and were concurred in—Messrs. Williams, Marett, Waters, Austin, Ellis, Jenkins and Carruth being joined to the committee on the subject.

The order from the Mayor and Aldermen, authorizing the committee on building school houses, to purchase a certain lot of land in East street, was concurred in.

The committee on finance, on the several subjects of appropriations for widening and extending streets, and for defraying the expense of the surveys relative to the introduction of soft water—reported the following orders, which were read twice and passed;

Ordered, That the sum of $60,000 be and is hereby added to the appropriation for widening and extending streets, including payments for estates purchased for that purpose.

Ordered, That the Treasurer, under the direction of the committee on finance, be authorized to effect a loan to the above amount.

Ordered, That the sum of $4000 be and is hereby appropriated to defray the expense of the survey instituted to ascertain the facility of introducing a supply of soft water into the city—and that the same be withdrawn from the reserved fund.

The committee appointed to consider the expediency of disposing of the jail in Leverett street, and the erection of a new one, reported that, in their opinion, it is expedient to sell the jail in Leverett street, together with the out-building and the land thereto belonging, and to erect a new jail on the city lands in South Boston. The report states that the cost of a new building would be about $24,000, and this sum being deducted from the proceeds of the sale, there would be a sufficient amount remaining to erect a new City Hall on the site of the Old Court House, if that should be deemed necessary, as it certainly will. The report was accompanied by a letter from Judge Thatcher in favor of the proposed measure, and one from the Sheriff against it, together with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it is incumbent on the City Government to provide a jail so constructed that each prisoner shall be separately accommodated.

Resolved, That it is expedient to erect such a jail on the City's lands in South Boston.

Resolved, That it is also expedient to dispose of the estate in Leverett street as soon as the new jail can be prepared.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the City Government to provide for the regular daily performance of Chaplain services in the House of Correction and Jail, whenever they are so situated as to allow of it.

These resolutions were read once, laid on the table, and, together with the accompanying documents, ordered to be printed.

☞ The body of a man supposed to have been murdered, has been found, says the Ellsworth Radical, in the woods [illegible] From the appearance of the corpse, the person had been dead about a week. The Radical has about half a column narrating the particulars of the matter which the editor headed '**Murder! Foul Murder!**' Of a truth it must have been a godsend to him by the way of furnishing a subject for an editorial.

☞ There are in the State of Maine thirty-six banks with a capital of $3,935,000 dollars.

The railroad between Baltimore and Washington is advancing rapidly to completion.

A loan of 500,000 dollars for Internal Improvements in Indiana has been taken by J. & J. Cohen & Brothers, o Baltimore.

A strange and unfounded report, according to the latest arrivals, has prevailed in England, that the plague had appeared in London, and that the Mayor of the city had ordered one house to be burned down in which it had occurred.

The burning of the Chartres Cathedral in France, is represented as having been splendid in the extreme.

A line of steamboats has commenced running between Sag Harbour and New Haven.

Several cases of hydrophobia have lately occurred in New York.

The wife of a respectable mechanic was assailed and bitten by a dog while hanging out clothes.

A respectable gentleman was bitten by his own dog, as was also one of his own children and a sister of his wife. They are in a state of distressing apprehension.

Mr. Ed. Mundy was thrown down and bitten, and sheep also have become rabid from the bites of dogs.

Mr. Ingraham will repeat his highly valuable course o lectures on the Falls of Niagara on the evenings of Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

The long-contested point, who was the author of Washington's Farewell Address, is now decided. It was the production of Madison.

Jewell, who has been tried in New York for the murder of Leuba is acquitted.

The crops in the middle States, notwithstanding all the fears, are going to turn out finely.

Gov. Ritner has offered a reward of 200 dollars for the murderer of Clark. This added to the former offer of a citizen makes 480 dollars.

Two men at Fort Moultrie, while firing a national salute with 24 pounders, were seriously injured. One named Job Hunt formerly of the U. S. Artillery, died immediately.

The President has pardoned several individuals in the District of Columbia about to be imprisoned for various offences. We should think this doubtful benevolence.

The channel of one of the Passes to the city of New-Orleans must it is said, be deepened, or the commercial prosperity of the city will be essentially injured.

☞ A boy, about 4 years of age, was knocked down and run over by a horse and chaise in Hanover street, on Saturday afternoon. He was not materially injured.

A fire has occurred at St. Louis, Mo. which destroyed the cabinet shop and ware house of Mr. Thomas. Loss $5000—no insurance.

The Vice President and the Secretary of the Navy were, at the last dates, in Baltimore.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson of this city has been appointed to conduct the geological survey of the State of Maine.

The Destruction of Jerusalem at the Diorama Hall closes this week.

A boy called Thomas, was drowned in Baltimore on Sunday last. He went with some other boys, not knowing how to swim, and a steamboat passing by, upset the plank upon which he was, and he was drowned.

Jewell.—The New York Transcript states that had Jewell been convicted, a rush of his friends was intended to rescue him. Before the Jury came in, therefore, the bar was surrounded by constables and watchmen. There was some applause when the verdict of acquittal was pronounced.

We have come to a pretty pass if the spirit of mobocracy is to rule decisions in courts of law, and make the law for itself.

The packed Juries. The developements in the Sun in relation to packed Juries must have created a great sensation in the city of New York.

Death.—A Swedish sailor called Peter Roebuck, while intoxicated, fell overboard from ship Oscar at New York, and was drowned.

A correspondent of the New York Star says that Washington was a scientific pugilist, and that General Jackson is an amateur.

Texas and Santa Anna.—The situation of Texas at the present time is very peculiar. Santa Anna, the bloody tyrant of Mexico, whose dark decrees have destroyed some of the bravest men of Texas, is a prisoner. To detain him as a prisoner, is dangerous. A large garrison must be maintained to secure him from rescue; and at the same time the Mexican government has decreed that every treaty he may form or consent to during the term of his imprisonment shall be null and void. It would be exceedingly dangerous then to release him on any conditions—and from the character he has manifested, there is no security that he would not break every holy agreement, and again place himself at the head of an invading army. Any sum of money accepted for his ransom might be to the Texans only the price of those liberties which they are struggling to secure.

Again,—the blood of friends and brothers is crying from the ground for vengeance. The prisoners basely massacred by the order of the tyrant, call from their murdered graves, demanding the death of their destroyer in return. In this serious dilemma, the Texans have held a council to decide upon measures in regard to Santa Anna, and the Secretary of State, Mr Lamar, has written to them a long letter in which he gives it as his firm and solemn opinion that DEATH should be inflicted on the tyrant—that duty should not yield to interest—that money can be no comparative object with them—and that treaties may be broken. He feels the necessity they will be under to win their freedom by the force of arms. He has no faith in any arrangement that may be made by the Mexicans or Santa Anna—and he recommends to them to commit their cause to God and the truth, and instantly pass the judgment of death upon the high prisoner whom they have in their power.

The proper course to be pursued admits of doubt—requires the most careful deliberation—and we, the citizens of the United States, are intimately connected with and interested in the decision of the question—for the Mexicans have made threats, that all the citizens of the United States in the Mexican territories shall be PUT TO DEATH the moment that Santa Anna shall be destroyed.

Valuable Crop.—The Vicksburg Advertiser estimates the value of the present cotton crop of Mississippi at 18 millions of dollars!

☞ Avery, who was tried for the murder of *Sarah Maria Cornell, is now at Bristol, R. I.*, and is still a preacher.

☞ The editor of the Bangor People's Press says he 'may squib away his talents, or powder, and one day realize his *want*, in their *waste*.' He is right there, and that *one day* is not far off.

Asbestos Bricks.—A patent has been taken out for the manufacture of *Asbetos Bricks*. What next?

☞ 'Can you tell me the cause of the heavy dews of late?' said a gentleman to Ben Ray, one of those wise acres who know every thing and a little more. 'Can I tell?' said Ben, stretching himself an inch higher, 'Can I tell? To be sure; it is the action of the atmosphere upon the hemisphere which makes the earth *sweat*.

The Brass Band.—The Boston Brass Band are giving a series of concerts with great eclat at Niblo's Garden New York.

At Taunton they have a 'Mount Auburn Cemetery,' and at Bangor a 'Mount Hope Cemetery.' We are glad to find other places getting up *Mount Auburns*.

☞ A crowd gathers every day before the window of Jones, Lows & Balls store to see the ingenious device contained in a clock. It is a ship on the waters under full sail, and the waves rise and fall wonderfully like to nature.

Fires.—Sunday morning, about half-past 2, a fire broke out in the wooden building No. 356 Washington street, occupied by Messrs. S. W. & J. Barrett, tailors. The damage to the building was not great, but the stock suffered considerably. Insured $1500.

The barn belonging to D. S. Greenough's estate at Jamaica Plains, was destroyed by fire on Saturday forenoon.—*Trans.*

An inquest was held last week, by Mr Kingsbury, Coroner, at Roxbury, on the body of a man found in the creek on the Wigglesworth farm. He was about 5 1-2 feet high, dressed in sailors habit, and from appearance he must have been in the water 10 or 12 days.—*Ib.*

☞ We learn that another serious accident occurred on the Providence Railroad this morning, whilst the train was going out, the engine with several cars ran off the road, and the conductor was badly injured.—*Ib.*

Epigram.—An old gentleman of the name of *Gould* married a girl of nineteen. He wrote a letter to a friend, informing him of the happy event, with this couplet:

'So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old *Gould*.'

He received a reply in these terms:

'A girl of nineteen may love *Gould*, it is true,
But, believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold*, without *U*.'
New York Mirror.

Not Bad. The Rev. J. M. Homer has recently published a book under the title of '[illegible]' about the Baptists!! That is one way to make a book sell.

Ex-president Adams has returned to Quincy—Mr Webster is at the Springs.

A young lady by the name of Knox, about 16 years of age, was killed by lightning at Gardiner, Me., on Sunday. The fluid passed down the chimney, at the moment she was leaning against it.

Three ruffians on Friday broke into a house in Baltimore, in which was a girl seventeen years of age left in charge of the house by her mother. The fellows began to break the earthern ware, when the girl came down stairs with a cocked pistol, threatening them with death if they did not desist on which they decamped.

Counterfeits! Look out for counterfeit 5 dollar bills of the Exchange Bank, Portland, Maine! They are well executed.

Drowning.—A little boy, son of Mr William Workman, of New York, fell into a dock in East River on Monday, and was drowned.

Mr Ford is doing the Mount Washington House justice. The Post says that those who took dinner there on Monday mean to run him for the Presidency.

A French novelist makes his heroine fall in love with a dragoon, because—*he knows how to ride!*

John Hancock Slack, the imposter, is at Bangor, but meets with poor success in his depredations. The eye teeth of the Bangoreans are cut too sharp for him. We should think his rig was about run—he has been 'in the papers' almost constantly for the last year.

☞ An old gentleman says that he can't look at the clock in Jones, Lows & Ball's window, for the motion of the ship, the roll and the lee lurch, &c. are so accurate that the sight makes him sea sick.

Go ahead! An English paper has an article upon Jonathan's 'Go a'head,' and gives us credit of acting up to this our excellent motto.

Shameful.—Some boys in New York on Sunday, got a poor cow before them, and chased her through the streets, setting up the cry that she was mad. The poor creature was scared almost to death, as well she might be.

Drunkenness.—The New York York Sun is giving what might be supposed to be the diary of a grogshop keeper. It gives all the items of the downward career in drunkenness. It will do much good.

A Fight. A Mr. Davis, says a Western paper, went into a cane brake in Arkansas, and while there was attacked by a large Panther which he killed with his knife after a desperate conflict.

Ice Bergs. We learn from a late Halifax paper that the British Packet Express, on her passage to that place, fell in with two enormous Ice Bergs. They were in Lat. 43. 19, Lon. 61. 20, supposed to be aground. They appeared to be 170 feet high.

A man advertises in the Louisville Journal that he has discovered how to extinguish *any fire*, without the aid o water, without any expense! The secret is for sale.

Generosity.—A poor woman, with a family, on her way to the West, recently stopped for some days at the Eagle Hotel in Rochester, N. Y., kept by Mr R. H. Van Reusalaer. Her bill was presented as follows—'Mrs —— and children to R. H. Van Reusalaer, Dr.—To blank days board, $00,00. Rec'd Payment, R. H. V. R.' Let the good deed be recorded. When we go to Rochester, we shall patronize the Eagle, *and pay our bill.*

☞ Fifty new churches are about to be erected in London

Accident and Death.—Two young men, one by the name of Lawrence, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat on Sunday last, in New York harbor. There were four in the boat at the time of the sad accident.

Florida.—There is no news of great importance.—The Indians are well supplied with provisions, having driven away many thousand head of cattle, and are it is presumed well stocked with flour, &c., pillaged from wrecks. Fort Drane is to be the head quarters of General Call, the commander-in-chief.

Napoleon.—O'Meara, Napoleon's physician at St. Helena, who also wrote 'A Voice from St. Helena,' lately died in England.

Naval.—Orders have been received at Philadelphia, to complete the large line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania for sea.

We are rejoiced that Lieut. Ross and some of the seamen who were wounded by the coming together of the cars, are determined to prosecute for damages—not only that they may receive some remuneration for the injuries they have suffered, but also that the amount of damages may be some test of the value which railroad conductors are to set on the lives and limbs of those they convey.

A greater number of boats, it is said, ply to and from Buffalo than to and from New York.

Extract of a letter, dated
Trenton Falls, New York, July 16.

As we were going out to see the Falls, a boy came running in, saying that one of Mr. Thorn's children, a little girl about 8 years old, had fallen in and gone over the Falls. All was confusion, and every one ran to the spot. As I was descending the winding stair case, I found the keeper of the Hotel laying apparently dead, having fainted in his exertions to procure assistance.

Mr. Thorn with his family had been to the extreme fall and were returning, when they came to the 5th fall, the servant had just taken the child from its father's arms, and was advancing when in some way he fell with the child into the whirling waters below. The man was saved. It occurred at the same spot from which Miss Sydney fell in 1827. Nothing could be more distressing than the sight of Mr. Thorn's family as it returned. It was truly heartrending. The parents, a sister about 18, and 3 brothers—and one that was not.—*Jour. Com.*

Brutal Outrage—A most inhuman outrage we are credibly informed, was committed a few days since on the person of a girl eleven years of age, a daughter of a Mr Echord, a Swiss, residing on the plains in this town, by three young men two of whom are connected with respectable families in the neighborhood. The girl was employed with two old associates, in gathering strawberries in a field, when the villins rushed upon, and attempted to seize them Two of the girls effected their escape, leaving the other to the mercy of the monsters who, after accomplishing their fiendish purpose, fled for the adjoining woods. The girl was taken home in an almost senseless state and died on Monday last from the injuries she received. Ineffectual efforts have thus far been made, to arrest the perpetrators of the brutal deed.—*Black Rock Advocate.*

Riots.—Three riots occurred in New York on Sunday, two of which were attended with almost serious consequences. The Transcript, in commenting on the subject, says that society in that city is strangely, lamentably disorganized.

Murder.—An affray took place in Gambria county, Pa. on the 4th of July, in which a man called Ritchie was stabbed to the heart by a man called Cramer. Cramer escaped.

Smoking in the streets is becoming alarmingly prevalent, and we are happy to see that the officers are determined to prevent it. Almost every day some offender is arraigned for breaking the law respecting this offence, and we warn our young men of the consequences—hoping that their own good judgment will teach them to avoid it.

The New England Band.—The New England Band acquitted themselves very creditably in the excursion on Tuesday. They have proved themselves to possess so good *metal* that their services are in frequent demand.

Hingham.—Now is the time to take the General Lincoln, and spend a day or two in the delightful village of Hingham. The trip is one of the most delightful that can be made.

Death.—A man by the name of Newington was blowing rocks in the bottom of a well in New York, and the charge not exploding, he went down to ascertain the cause, and was so badly injured that he died in a short time.

Texas.—The crew of sloop Supply of New Bedford which was driven south of the river Del Norte, were attacked by a party of Mexicans on the beach. All escaped except one man, who was killed. Capt. Walker was wounded in the arm.

The speculators in Texas lands have got to London.—Hudson of New York has received a circular announcing a sale which was to take place June 14th, in which it was stated that 'from Philadelphia a railroad has been run to the Mississippi, by which route New Orleans may be reached in four days.' We wonder if there is any law in England for obtaining money under false pretences.

Most of the New York papers are emblazoned with a long advertisement of a lottery authorized by act of Congress. The publishers think that the law of New York State against such publications cannot reach them.

A Righteous Act.—The last Congress passed an act 'granting half pay to widows or orphans, whose fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States.'

More disclosures!—A New York paper gives it as a fact that Mr Hoxie, the former employer of Robinson, has advertised a farm in Connecticut for sale, it being 'now the property of Robinson's father, and to be sold to pay a portion of the sums which it is now satisfactorily ascertained he had at various times robbed Mr Hoxie of!'

Sabbath breakers.—The New York Transcript states that two young men, partially intoxicated, were drowned on Sunday last by the upsetting of a boat in East River. At the time the boat upset they were on deck *playing cards.*

Fire Proof Trunks.—A man at Portsmouth, N. H. has patented what he calls Fire Proof Travelling Trunks. The New York Transcript intimates, that from the fondness which New Yorkers have of late manifested for summary procedures, Robinson would be roughly handled if he should again make his appearance in the city. [illegible] House, New York.

Maria Monk.—The truth of the stories which Maria Monk has circulated respecting the hideous transactions at the Nunnery in Montreal, with its dungeons and winding passages, will soon be tested. Mr. Curry, a Presbyterian clergyman and others, will, by the express orders of the Bishop, be admitted to view the premises, with Maria Monk's plan in their hands.

Here is a description which makes the blood curdle and the flesh creep. Come on, brave fellows! read this, and then volunteer, and Hurrah for the Wars!

The writer says he must confess he *don't like the country!* Good heavens! who would?

Extract of a letter from Camp Sabine, June 14, 1836.

'The United States' troops, lately stationed at Fort Jessup, consisting of the whole of the 6th regiment of infantry, and four companies of the 3d—fourteen companies in all—are now encamped near the banks of the Sabine. They are erecting store-houses there for the ammunition and provisions of the army.

I must confess that I do not like this country—that on the other side of the Sabine is said to be entirely different. The weather is oppressively warm; the thermometer has stood from 80 to 90 degrees in the shade, and this is but the beginning of summer—it is said to last till October.

The musquitoes abound, and millions of reptiles of beautiful and hideous variety—snakes and lizards of various orders, tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions of all sizes, bugs, bees, wasps, tics, and an almost imperceptible little bug called the red bug, or as termed by the negroes, che-gars, or jiggers, (for the bite of them almost makes one dance a jig.)

The bite of these little wretches in the first instance, causes the flesh to look as if a drop of boiling water had fallen upon it. It begins to be inflamed directly, and a most intolerable itching is produced. On examining the spot you will perceive that the insect has worked itself under the skin, and eaten out a little cavity like a cell.

Eli Bradley, a colored boy of four months old, was accidentally smothered by his mother while asleep, at 138 Broadway. The mother was quite a sober, decent woman, and appeared much depressed by the loss of her child, which, in waking up she found a lifeless corpse with her arms hanging heavily across it.—*N. Y. Trans.*

Death by Drowning. A well dressed gentleman, with a gold watch in his pocket, was seen to plunge into the water, after undressing himself, for the purpose of bathing, from one of the rafts in the neighborhood of the Glass House, on Sunday afternoon last. Not coming up for some time, the by-standers became alarmed, and commenced searching for his body, which they at last found, but not until life was entirely extinct. We have not been able to learn who the person was.—*Baltimore Visitor.*

Accident.—At Bangor, last Sunday, a boat containing six persons was upset in the river about 1 o'clock, and two young men, carpenters by trade, were drowned. Their names were Benjamin Kates and George W. Whitcomb.

The brig Virginia Packet, lying at anchor in the harbor of Portland, was severely damaged by fire on Wednesday. Loss estimated at about $2000. No insurance.

This is but one among a thousand instances of the folly of neglecting to protect property from loss by fire, by effecting insurance. The owners of the brig, Messrs. Bartlett and Cutter, applied but one hour before the fire occurred, at an insurance office to effect an insurance of $4000; but were delayed in consequence of the absence of its officers.

There was a slight shock of an earthquake at Cleaveland Ohio, on Friday evening, 15th inst. between 9 and 10 o'clock.

Messrs. Blake and Dinneford concluded their season at the Albany Theatre, on Saturday last, to a full and fashionable audience, with entire satisfaction to all. Mr Blake, when called on for a speech, acquitted himself in a very appropriate manner.

Mrs. Andrews and Miss Woodward with Mr. Andrews are giving concerts in Maine.

Sutton. Sutton the Ventriloquist is at Portland, Maine.

Derangement. A young man named Nelson Sweetser, from South Reading, put up at the Merrimack House in Lowell, on Saturday night, and in the night became deranged, and lacerated his hands dreadfully by thrusting them through the glass of the door, and then endangered his life by running across the roofs of several houses.

Fast driving.—A young man was fined five dollars and costs on Wednesday for fast driving on Tremont street. The officers are on the look-out for more, these pleasant days.

Fires in New Brunswick! The Halifax Royal Gazette contains an extract from a letter from Fredericton, which states that the inhabitants of that town are in great alarm from the fires in the woods. Large tracts have been consumed, and several houses burnt. The fire engines are kept constantly ready.

Fire. A fire occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Sunday, by which houses Nos. 61 and 65, Nassau st. were totally destroyed, and others injured.

Shipwreck and Probable Loss of Lives. A Nassau, N. P. date says,—'On the 27th of May last, the Spanish Schooner Antonio, Roman Ferrez, Master, on her passage from Principe to Havana, was suddenly upset by a whirlwind at 12 o'clock at night, distance about 5 leagues from Point Caicos. At the time of the occurrence there were 24 persons on board, including the passengers. The Master remained by the vessel until day light, when he immediately left in the boat, taking four of the passengers and six of the crew, and landed, where meeting with one of our wreckers, he immediately hired her, and went in search of the vessel, but without success, was compelled to return, when finding the vessell about to sail for this port, he took passage and arrived yesterday in the Spanish schooner Fortuna. At the time of the disaster, the cargo consisted of wax, hides, and from 24 to 25,000 dollars in specie. When he left the vessel there were 13 persons on board; the cook being the only one then missing. He was supposed to have been drowned during the night.

'About 3 weeks ago, accounts were received here, by a small turtling vessel, of the above Spanish schooner, when several wreckers immediately went in search of her.'

The sloop Harriet, Edgecomb, one of the above, after having been out 10 or 12 days, fell in with the wreck, and has saved a small part of her cargo, some specie and materials, and arrived here yesterday, but nothing was seen of the passengers and crew who were left on the wreck.—Much fear is entertained for their safety, as on the following night there was very heavy weather.'—*Trans.*

☞ The New York Times contains the very important news that some body is going to set up *an* omnibus in Cincinnati.

A new reason. The prevalence of cold east winds is attributed to the prevalence of Icebergs on the banks of Newfoundland.

☞ There are now *four* musical bands in this city—the Brigade, the Brass, the New England, and the Amphion. The two last are of recent growth, and can hardly have attained that excellence which all award to the *Brigade Band*, which we are gratified to learn is wholly composed of Americans.

Mr. Bradley, the teamster, who fell from his shafts on Monday and the wheels passed over his head, has since died.

A Capital Toast.—We will venture a guess that the giver of the following toast, whose homeliness is redeemed by its pertinency, is a happy wife. It was given at the 4th of July celebration in Bloomfield, Pa.

Let the men their country's rights defend,
And women their humble business attend.

Testimonial of Respect. The citizens of Portland have tendered to the Hon. Bellamy Storer, the Representative in Congress from Cincinnati, who is a native of that place, a public dinner—which he has felt obliged to decline.

Street Smokers!—Beware you who indulge in the dried weed! *Five* young men were convicted on Wednesday, and several on Thursday, each being compelled to pay five dollars! As this is a large price for a segar, and as the City Marshall and the Justices consider it only fair pay for smoking in the street, let smokers be on their guard.

Col. Webb.—The gallant Col. has had a great sale at New York of the lands he bought at East Boston. What elegant descriptions he has been giving of the place! One would think it a fairy land, if his word were to be taken.—How poetical a man's *interests* can make him!

Extract of a letter received in this city, dated
Natchitoches, June 27, 1836.

I detain the steamer Caspian to drop you a line to say an express has this moment reached here, by Major Smith, from the American army of Texas: he was despatched with letters to this place, the purport of which are, that Major Miller, Captain Teal, Captain Kearns, and four soldiers were ordered to Metamoras to receive some prisoners, according to the treaty made with Gen. Filasola: (they were furnished by Filasola with passports, a solemn promise not to be molested, and to return in safety to the American camp.) Immediately on their arrival they were arrested and imprisoned; their passports taken from them and destroyed, and *it is fully believed that all the American prisoners are murdered which were at Metamoras.* Gen. Urrea has joined Filasola with 4,000 soldiers, which, with 3,000 under General Filasola, makes 7,000 in all now on their march into Texas. The Texans to a man are turning out, shouldering their rifles, mounting their horses, and will defend their country to the last. There can be no mistake in this account. About 9,000 Americans in all will take the field.

Westward Ho!—From Fort Mitchell, on Saturday last, the contractors for the removal of the Creeks, had the pleasure of starting 1600 Indians, men, women, and children, for Arkansas. The hostile warriors, hand-cuffed, marched in double file. A long train of waggons, conveying the children, and such of the old women as were unable to walk, followed in their wake. Their departure for the West presented a scene on one side pleasing and gratifying; on the other, solemn and sad. Necessity, the dictates of humanity, and the preservation of their future national [illegible] homes of their youth. Surrounded by a white population, broken up in their nationality—wretched, and every way undone, this miserable remnant of a once powerful people, have at last yielded to the force of circumstances, and with a bitter curse upon the heads of their enemy, they have left us, for what we hope, a better country and a happier condition.

Printing Establishment of the American Bible Society burnt.—About 4 o'clock this morning, the large 5 story brick building, 117 Nassau street, belonging to the American Bible Society, and occupied as their printing establishment by Daniel Fanshaw, was discovered to be on fire, and the building and its contents either destroyed or badly injured. Among the property in the building, were 18 or 19 power presses, and a steam engine. We are inclined to think they are not in the aggregate damaged more than 50 per cent on their former value. A large amount of type is destroyed, together with the office furniture, all of which, like the presses, belonged to Mr Fanshaw, whose loss must be $15,000 or $20,000 He is insured only $5000.—The Bible Society owned the building, on which they had $5000 insurance, and an equal amount on their property within it. In both cases the insurance will more than cover their loss. The damage to the building is not probably more than $2,5000, as the walls stand firm, and the timbers, although much burnt, have not fallen.

Death by Drowning.—On Tuesday evening, a boy named Daniel Durard, 3 years of age son of, Patrick Durard, was missing, and an ineffectual search was made for him. Yesterday morning, at 7 o'clock, his body was found in the dock at Commercial wharf. An inquest was held by P. Snow, Esq Coroner. Verdict, drowned.

Congratulatory.—We present our cordial congratulations to Mr Horace Greely, the talented and highly respected editor of the 'New-Yorker,' on his entrance into the holy state of matrimony with an amiable and accomplished lady of the State of North Carolina; and beg to add our opinion that if she makes but half as good a wife as he does a newspaper, she must be one of the very best in the united state. [U. S.]—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mad Dog!—We understand that on Wednesday afternoon several persons took refuge in the toll house on the Mill Dam for protection against the fury of a mad dog; which afterwards attacked the tollman, and was with difficulty repelled with a club.

New Bedford. By a recent census taken of this seaport, it is ascertained to contain 11,113 inhabitants, without including but a small portion of the seamen belonging to that port now abroad. Counting these, the population would amount to something more than 15,000. There are five thousand seamen belonging to vessels sailing from that port. A larger number, probably, than is furnished by any other port of its size in the United States.

Fall of Jerusalem and Fall of John Myers.—On Thursday two German sailors who came in a Boston ship from Batavia, paid a visit to the picture of Jerusalem at the Diorama. Now one of them, John Myers, seeing that the tunnel shaped avenue to the picture which is divided from the spectators' stand by a rail, appeared to have a firm floor, said to his shipmate, 'Come let us closer go there up, the pickter see'—before he received an answer, he was over the rail, and, *lapsus pedum!* much lower than Jerusalem. He landed some thirty feet below the staging, to use his own words 'Mongst stones there been, and bords there down, mein got, mein neck there broken yust!' What especially provoked John, was, however not the fall, as he had escaped serious hurt, but the fact that the proprietor would not let him go back and see if Jerusalem received a fall as well as he did. 'Hafe dawler quarter paid there to, and not the pickter seen, mein got!' So he charged a friend of ours who told us the story, to 'haf it put the paper in, mit John Myers' name thereto.'

Ludicrous Fracas. The Philadelphia Ledger contains the account of a ludicrous contest between the Editor of the Philadelphia Commercial Herald, and the *Devil* of the U. S. Gazette. It seems that the superintendant of the Exchange has a bundle of papers come to him in advance of the mail, which the Gazette has the advantage of. The Editor of the Commercial Herald desiring his share of this early arrival stationed himself to receive it on its reception—but the Gazette Devil was beforehand with him and obtained it first—whereupon the Editor collared him but got the worst of the bargain. The Ledger adds—

Nobody can appreciate the humor of the scene unless they had witnessed it. Imagine the beflattered and self-important editor of the blanket sheets coming into hostile collision with a printer's devil—his ruffles filled with printer's ink, the nice nankin pantaloons, just 'mounted,' soiled past the scourer's art, and the white hat, fresh from Thayer, ruined past redemption; add to this an ireful countenance, and you have a tolerably correct likeness of the Editor of the Commercial Herald, as he entered his office after the fracas.

Lamentable Accident.—We learn from the New York Courier and Enquirer that on Tuesday last two fine lads, Jeremiah Imlay and Wm. Pierson, the sons of respectable parents, went to bathe in the North River, having ventured beyond their depth, and being unable to swim, both were drowned. Neither of their bodies had been found.

Important from Texas. We are indebted to the politeness of Cap. Tarlton and Maj. Woodlief of the Texian army, for a copy of the proclamation of the President of Texas, and other important information. The length of the President's proclamation obliges us to defer its publication till our next.

By the arrival of the schooner Col. Fannin, from Velasco, which place she left on the 29th June, we learn that the Mexicans have advanced as far as the Nueces, between 5 and 7000 men, commanded by General Urea and Bravo; 200 of which had marched for San Patricio. The Texian army were in the neighborhood of Victoria. M. B. Lamar has been appointed commander-in-chief. Mr. Somerville succeeds him as Secretary of War. Gen. Greene and Felix Houston are on the march to join the main army at this place.

We further learn that that part of the Mexican Army who had been in Texas with Santa Anna, and had been obliged by Gen. Urea to return to Texas, have refused to cross the Nueces, stating that they will not enter Texas again.

The schooners Fanny Butler, Camanche, and Watchman had been taken at Capano by about 20 Texan cavalry and detained in consequence of being ladened with provisions for the Mexican army.—*New Orleans Bee, July 6.*

Mustachios.—Capt. Sleeper of the Mercantile Journal calls these 'fashionable appendages' the 'dirty relics of a barbarous age,' and gives 'certain brainless coxcombs and newly fledged naval officers,' the whole honor of sporting them. You are wrong there, neighbor, we saw a fisherman a day or two since with mustachios that would put the beard of Mahomet to the blush.

Bass was going to fight the other day, and called at the Restorator for a glass of what is termed 'Perfect love.'—He was told that *brandy* was the true promoter of Dutch courage. 'Doubted,' said Bass, 'the scriptures inform us that '*Perfect love* casteth out all fear.'

A Crash.—A massive stone wall, which was next the dining room of the Central Tavern at Lockport, fell in with a horrible crash a few days ago, carrying with it floors, partitions, and every thing else. No one was hurt.

U. S. Dragoons.—The Chicago American notices the arrival at that place of one hundred U. S. Dragoons, on their way to Green Bay.

Shipwreck.—The schooner Young Lion was wrecked on Lake Erie near Erie on Wednesday of last week. She was laden with rail road iron and lumber. In a very hard blow she sprung aleak, and almost immediately went down. The captain and four of the crew saved themselves by clinging to the top-mast, about eight feet of which was above water. The mate and one of the hands were lost. Captain M. and the four who were saved, remained clinging to the topmast for eight hours, when they were observed from the schooner New York and promptly relieved.

Reward!—The Treasurer of the Providence Railroad has offered five hundred dollars reward for the discovery and conviction of any person or persons who are guilty of placing obstructions in the road or moving the switches.

Fatal Occurrence.—A young lad aged 14 years, son of David Parkill, of Cornwall, Vt., was instantly killed on the 11th inst. by the caving in of a sand-bank, which buried him to the depth of three or four feet.

A case has occurred in the Mayor's Court in Philadelphia, relating to the ill treatment of four apprentices to a cabinet firm of the name of C. H. & J. F. White, for giving them mouldy bread and tainted meat to eat. The Recorder gave it as the unanimous opinion of the court that ill treatment had been used, and decreed a cancelling of the indentures.—The verdict was received by the by-standers with a shout.

Suicide. A woman by the name of Burchard, committed suicide at Ridgeway, Conn. on Monday night last by throwing herself into a well. She was eighty years of age.

An inquest was held on Tuesday, the 19th inst. in New York, on the body of an unknown negro which was found floating in the river at the foot of Vesey street. Verdict 'Found Drowned.'

Nahant.—Holman has procured the 'Mount Pleasant' to run to Nahant.

Lauriat.—A slip from the Advertiser office says that Lauriat ascended on Thursday, was up 22 minutes, and landed in Casco Bay, on an island nine miles from the city.

Horrible!—The Journal of Commerce contains the awful information that the ship Charlotte Douglass, from Londonderry to Quebec, with 406 passengers was recently lost at sea, and all the passengers and crew but ten perished!

'**Born all along shore**,' was a statement made by the man from Cape Cod, when questioned as to the locality of his native place; and the daughter of a lady, a passenger on board the Steamer President, on her passage from New York to Providence, last Saturday, might give much the [illegible] gave birth to a fine female child while the boat was off Point Judith, which was very appropriately christened *Judith*.—The mother and child appear to have done as well as could reasonably be expected, 'under the circumstances,' for both of them took passage in the Taunton stage, as soon as the boat arrived at Providence.

The following address, the Bangor Commercial Advertiser says was on the outside of a letter dropped into the Post Office there sometime since.

As I'm directed rather queer
And look so mighty knowing,
It may be you would like to hear
To whom, and where I'm going,
To Saccarappa, *State of Maine*
I'm sent, and shall not fail
For I've implicit confidence
In Amos Kendall's mail.
Post Masters! Fail not on your peril,
To give me to Miss S. U. Merrill.

Obey Orders, &c. The Cincinnati Mirror tells a story of a strict military disciplinarian who, supposing his favorite horse dead, sent a man to skin him.

'What, is Roney dead?' asked the man. 'What's that to you? do as I bid you and not ask questions.'

The man went about his business and after a while returned for his pay.

'Three quarters—three devils—I wont pay it.'

'Why General, it aint much—it took me half an hour to catch him.'

'Catch him—fire and furies! Was he alive?

'Yes General, but you know I could not skin him very easily alive.'

'Skin him alive—did you kill him?'

'Yes General—you know I always obey orders without asking any questions.'

☞ Now for it. Reader, screw up your courage and take a long breath, for we are getting to be a great people with our '*distinguished countrymen and countrywomen*' abroad—but—read the following, which is published at length in American papers.

On Thursday the 26th May, at the Church of St. Roch, at Paris, and afterwards at the British Embassy, the Lord Stafford to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Caton, Esq, and granddaughter of Charles Carroll, Esq. of Carrollton, both of the State of Maryland, in the United States, and sister of the Marchioness of Wellesley and Marchioness of Camarthen—and—and——whew. There, you are out of breath.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Streeter, Wm Stevens to Mrs Eliza Liningburgh.

By Rev Mr Adams, J. N. Turner to Harriet, daughter of Nathaniel Dana.

By the Rev Mr Streeter, Isaiah J. Watts to Irene L. Whitfield.

In this city, Samuel N. Dickenson, printer, to Mrs Mary Parker.

By the Rev Mr Streeter, George W. Perkins to Margaret Taylor.

In this city, by the Rev Mr Lord, David Tracey to Frances Sawyer.

By the Rev Mr Blagden, Josiah F. Leach to Maria H. daughter of Isaac Chandler Esq.

By Rev Mr Stow, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D. to Sarah E. Smith.

By the Rev Mr Lord, John Fisher to Charlotte Ann Fraser.

In this city, on Wednesday last, John D. Babbitt to Mary M. Mossman.

By the Rev Mr Blagden, Joseph Everdean to Miss Elizabeth Rice.

By Rev Mr Lathrop, Joel Richards Esq, to Caroline, daughter of John Lakeman Esq.

At Lexington, Otis H. Dana, of this city, to Elizabeth H. Morrill, of L.

At Pittsburgh, Pa, Benjamin P. Hartshorn to Margaret C. Denniston, of P.

At Orleans, Capt James Smith, of Charlestown, to Rebecca H. Sparrow, of O.

At Cincinnati, Samuel B. Spear, formerly of Dorchester, to Lucy D. Barrett, of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Abigail Bailey, 24.

In this city, Martha S. P. Robbins, daughter of Capt C. Robbins, 3 yrs and 4 mos.

At Shelburn, L. C. 23d ult, Mrs Amy, wife of Mr Dan Thayer, 70.

At Roxbury, Catharine S. daugoter of Wm H. and Catharine Jones, 60.

At Lexington, Nathan Reed, 60.

At Jamaica Plain, Elizabeth Cheesman, 15.

At Wayland, Mass, 18th inst, Nathaniel Rice, in his 87th year. He was one of the gallant band who pursued the British in their retreat from Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, and was afterwards in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

At Swansey, Dr John W. Winslow, 32.

Lost overboard, from sch China, on her passage hence for Baltimore, on 11th inst, Aaron Linnel, 2nd mate, while hooking on main boom tackle.

At Bombay, John Lowell Jr Esq, of this city, 27.

At sea, Capt John T. Halstead, 60, master of brig Josephine, of this port.

Lost overboard from barque Hebron, on her passage from Cronstadt to Boston, Martin Lundberg and Jean Dumon, seamen, latter of Bordeaux

SALES BY AUCTION.

PARTICULAR AUCTION NOTICE.
Boston Horse and Carriage Mart.

The City Authorities having assigned the large and very commodious Squale, known as the Hay Market, at the junction of Union, Haverhill and Merrimack streets, for the especial purpose, the subscriber gives notice, that he will continue to hold regular sales of HORSES, CARRIAGES, &c, *every Saturday*, at the above named place. Very particular attention will be paid to the sale of any articles in this line of business. Liberal advances and quick settlements made.

j25 6w J. M. ALLEN.

ADDITIONAL NOTICE.

The Subscriber gives additional notice, that he has taken the large store in Union street, in the building formerly occupied by the 'Caravan,' which has been completely fitted up for a Depository. He is now ready to receive Carriages, Harnesses, &c, on Storage, for either public or private sale.

J. M. ALLEN

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

To Machinists, Blacksmiths, &c.
On TUESDAY, Aug. 2d, at 10 o'clock,
At a building next to the bridge in Sea street, a few doors South of the Boston Iron Foundry,

Will be sold without reserve, unless previously disposed of at private sale, all the Tools and Machinery, suitable for the manufacturing of Steam Engines and Boilers, all of which are first rate—including a Punching Machine, cost $750; a Bending do, nearly new, both in perfect order and first rate.

Also—A large Lathe, suitable for boring cylinders not exceeding 6 feet in length or over 30 inches in diameter, with a full apparatus—weight about 3 tons; 1 small Engine Lathe, suitable for foot or power; 1 other small Lathe, geared for slow or fast motion, with apparatus complete.

Also—1 set Stocks, Dies and Taps, cut from one to two inches in kiameter; 4 small do, cutting from 1-4 to 1 inch, with Taps and Dies in good order.

Also—A large lot of Patterns for Steam Engine and Boiler Manufacturing, complete from one to thirty horse power.

Also—3 sets Drill Stocks, with a large lot of Drills, all sizes together with a large assortment of Wrenches, Chisels, Hammers.

Also—Bench Tools, Circular Saws and other tools required in the business.

Also—every article required by a Blacksmith, such as Anvils, Bellows, Tongs, Headers, &c. &c.

Also—1 Steam Engine of 4 horse power, nearly new and in good order, with a boiler suitable.

Likewise, the Lease of the buildings, to run four years rom day of sale. For further particulars inquire of the Auctioneer.

NEW DRAWING SCHOOL.

MR. THOMAS B. HOFLAND respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston and its vicinity, that he has opened a School for instruction in the polite accomplishment of Drawing in its various branches. The style of art to which Mr H. has paid particular attention, is one not generally known in this country, but extensively practised in Europe and especially in England. The style alluded to, is that of Lead Pencil Drawing, a mode which admits in a peculiar degree the union of qualities most essential to art, viz: Boldness and freedom of touch, and delicacy and softness of finish and tone. Mr Harding, the celebrated and highly esteemed artist of the 'Landscape Annual,' was the first who paid especial attention to this beautiful branch of art, and arrived at especial excellence in it, and many of the exquisite engravings in the English Annuals, are faithful copies from Harding's Pencil Drawings. Under this gentleman's tuition, Mr H. acquired his art, the principles of which he most respectfully offers to impart to those who may honor him with their patronage. Mr H. would here observe that he does not pretend to teach by the fashionable *steam process*, which 'perfects pupils in 12 easy lessons of 1 hour each.' He cannot pretend to affix any given period, without some knowledge of the capabilities of the pupil. This much, however, he can confidently promise, to those who are fortunately gifted with what is termed a genius for art, he will be unremitting in his endeavors to impart those subtle niceties and general principles of the science of art without which the richest genius, like any uncultivated soil, will run to waste. Those on the other hand, who are deficient in *genius* for this accomplishment, may be assured that such deficiency is no bar to their acquring a sufficiently high degree of perfection, to be a source of pleasure and gratification to themselves and friends. On the contrary, it is often the case that the steady, sober pace of industry gains more ground in the long run than the wild race of genius. With these (perhaps rather prolix) remarks, Mr H. respectfully invites those who may be desirous of acquiring this art, to call at his Room in Washington Hall, Washington-st, opposite Franklin street, where specimens of style may be seen and all necessary information as to terms, etc, (which will be moderate) made known. Those who have any objection to receiving instruction at the public class, Mr Hofland will be happy to attend at their private residences.

References—William S. Pendleton Esq, Washington-st; W. Blanchard Esq, Miniature Painter, Washington Hall; Henry F. Harrington, Editor of New England Galaxy; S. G. Goodrich Esq, Editor Boston Token, School street.

J 22 h—gM&F1m

THERMOMETERS.

A FEW dozen Botanic, do Chemical, with a variety of common patterns, warranted perfectly graduated for sale by D. B. WIDDIFIELD, 139 Washington street, second door south from School street. hlw—g3t jy 9

PROSPECTUS OF THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years. The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year, and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,
Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with [illegible] *of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of Eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc,* will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Characters—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners, and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this State. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

TERMS: The Galaxy is published every Saturday at Three Dollars per annum in advance. Postmasters or others, forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission HARRINGTON & CO,

may 24 32 Congress-st. Boston.

BULWER'S NOVELS.

INDUCED by the extraordinary sale of his beautiful edition of Marryat's Novels, the publisher of those works has commenced an edition of the works of the celebrated Bulwer, comprising—Pelham, Disowned, Devereux, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, Falkland, Pilgrims of the Rhine, making an uniform edition of nearly fifteen hundred pages—four hundred more than Marryat's. They will be published in semi monthly numbers, each of which will contain one complete work, with title-page and covers. The whole series will be completed in eight numbers, and will be furnished to Subscribers at the low price of *three dollars and fifty cents*, payable in advance. No. 1 received by the Agents,

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,

jy 16 1m 133 Washington street.

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN H. GRUSH, 251 Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs; French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Inlaid Shell and Scotch Snuffboxes; Cigar Cases; Plaques; Silver Pencil Cases; Toothpicks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Toothbrushes; German, French and American Cologne and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Fans and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.

jy 15 g—htf

NEW BOOKS.

DOANE'S Surgery: Surgery illustrated, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Plasius—with 52 plates. By A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D.

The Truth: its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena. By W. Mullenger Higgins. It being the seventy-eighth volume of Harper's Family Library.

Frank. By Maria Edgeworth. Complete in one volume.

Map of Texas: with plates of the adjoining states. Compiled by Stephen F. Austin.

Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs: the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected and edited by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia.

Notes on the Wisconsin Territory, with a Map by Lieut A. M. Lea, of U. S. Dragoons.

Richardson's New Dictionary of the English Language. The four first numbers received by

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,

J 5 tf 133 Washington st.

NEW MUSIC FROM LONDON.

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, a fine assortment of rare Music, most of which has never before been imported into this country. Consisting of Instruction Books for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, Guitar, Violoncello, Organ, Wind Instruments, &c; Studies for various Instruments; Sheet Music for Flute Solos and Duets, for the Flute and Piano, and two Flutes and Piano; Songs for the Voice, Flute and Pianoforte; Violin Solos and Duets; Music for the Violin and Pianoforte; Violoncello Solos and Duets; Music for the Violoncello and Pianoforte; Music for the Pianoforte, for the Bugle and the Organ.

Also, Thirteen Favorite Melodies, arranged for a Brass Band, by H. A. Praeger; Eight Pieces, for a Brass Band, composed and arranged by J. R. McFarlan. For sale at 133 Washington-st.

june 27 1m

500 DOLLARS REWARD

WILL be paid by the subscriber on the discovery and conviction of any person who may maliciously attempt to obstruct the passage of any carriage on the Railway of the Boston and Providence Rail Road Company, or alter the position of the switches so as to break the continuity of the Road, and thereby cause damage to the company, or to the persons or property of passengers.

An obstruction was placed on the road, about eight miles from Providence, on Saturday night last, and on Monday 18th inst, the switch of the turn-out near the Summit Level, Sharon, was removed, by which a locomotive was overturned and two persons somewhat injured. JOHN F. LORING, Treasurer.

Boston, July 22, 1836. 1w J 23

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken Store No. 251 Washington street, where may be found an assortment of Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Goods

june 3 ep2m* JOHN H GRUSH.

DR. WILLIAM INGALLS JR.
ROOM AT
NO. 8 SOMERSET PLACE.

jy 13 h—g3m

JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED BY
MARDEN & CO.
(Successors to Condon & Co.)
No. 32, Congress Street, (at the Herald Office,) Boston.

MR. PADDON,
NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET.

may 24

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the New Yorker.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

When Juan Ponce De Leon was on the eve of leaving Porto Rico, he heard from some old Indians of a miraculous Fountain, situate in the Island Bimini, one of the Bahama group, whoever bathed or drank of its crystal waters was restored to and enjoyed perennial youth—that some of the natives of Cuba departed in search of this renovating Fountain, and, having never returned, were supposed to be enjoying its envied gift in a land of golden delight. The worthy old Cavalier actually manned three ships at his own expense, and went in quest of this fairy Fountain, but without success, though his romantic expedition ended in the discovery of Florida.—*Irving's Columbus.*

I.

Come over mountain,
Come over sea,
Haste to the fountain
Of Youth, and be free
From sorrows that wither
The heart's early glow;
Drink and forever
Be strangers to woe.

II.

The fair primal Eden,
Like circle of sound,
For ages receding,
At length now is found:
There storm-cloud ne'er lowers
There rude waves are smooth;
Love dwells with the flowers
By the Fountain of Youth.

III.

In an isle mid the ocean,
Beloved of the Spring,
Where the storms' rude commotion,
No trouble can bring,
That fountain is springing,
'Mid verdure and bloom;
There gay hearts are singing,
Unawed by the tomb.

IV.

Come ye of the tresses
Bleached white by long years,
When old age approaches,
Yet life still endears;
In its waters of clearness
Your withered forms lave,
And challenge, all fearless,
The might of the grave.

V.

For each wintry bosom
Its spring shall renew,
And Hope's faded blossom
That fountain of dew,
Shall ope where it sprinkles,
While Age's dull brow,
Late covered with wrinkles,
In beauty shall glow.

VI.

Come, love-blighted maiden,
With cheek pale and cold,
Whose young heart o'erladen
With grief, hath grown old—
Bathe, bathe in its waters;
Forget the deep pain,
And walk with the daughters
Of gladness again.

VII.

Haste, children of Sorrow,
Leave wo with the chain,
And dwell with Aurora
And Spring on the main:
The grey palsied father
Shall bloom like the sun—
To the ready barques gather,
Ere Summer hath flown.

VIII.

The swallow shall guide us
By day o'er the sea—
Though distance divide us,
Sweet fountain from thee,
Hope's mild planet beaming
Shall lead us by night,
To that fount of our dreaming,
That bourne of delight.

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO LXV.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 2, 1835.

Bologna is another of those cities of the middle ages, which records the brilliant triumphs of Republican principles, not only in that elevation of sentiment which Liberty imparts to a people, but a triumph of trade and manufacturers, and even of high and exalting art and science. The history of Bologna from the past even to the present is a history triumphant in proclaiming that under a free government, the people are the happiest and the most enterprising—a position not often denied even here, but adding also, that under such a government science advances more rapidly, and arts more splendidly than under the richest patronage of an aristocracy or monarchy. But though Bologna is a city of the middle ages, yet it is not a city of the dead or the dying as Ferrara is. There is life and soul in it even now. Its heart beats, and its pulse is quick; and though Austria even here under the sanction of the Pope has its Huns, and its corpse of myrmidon Swiss, and though every day, the bayonet of the one flashes in its streets, and the rumbling cannon of the other is rolled over its pavements, yet there is at this hour the material of Revolution all alive here, ready at a fanning even to blaze. The people are unlike the other Italians whom I have seen. By their very insolence they seem to make themselves respected and feared. Here they think, and speak what they please, growling at the soldiery as they parade, and telling you publicly what they think of their masters, and how they will serve them, if Providence ever sends the proper time. Their Police, notwithstanding it is often cruelly rigid with strangers, and has within my observation, refused a Swiss his passport for Rome, for no other reason than that he was a *Swiss*, yet suffers this insolence on the part of the Bolognese, leaving them the liberty of evaporating their bile by grumbling, but parading the Austrians and mercenary Swiss often enough in the streets to show them that grumbling is the only liberty they have. The Pope has found that the Bolognese are too unmanageable for him and his beggarly troops, and he is, therefore, heartily glad that Austria has relieved him from the burthen, and secured the fidelity of his subjects.—Certain I am it would cost no trouble at all to make a Revolution here, for the discontent is universal, and the hatred of Rome and Vienna is expressed in every quarter. The Bolognese sit uneasily under their chains.

Bologna is full of interesting objects of art, and here upon the threshold of the Papal States, I should be glad to stop and study its arts as a preparation to enjoy the Vatican and the Capitol, if I did not fear that the Cholera might reach Rome before I can, and thus shut me out from a visit to that city upon which my whole heart is now fixed. The rapid view I have taken must confine me to a description as rapid as they view. I will then pass over its two hundred churches almost all rich with Paintings—men of New England boast not of the number of your Churches now, when here is a city of only 60,000 inhabitants there are two hundred of them—remarking only that those of St. Petronious and St. Dominick are the most interesting from their historical associations, the first being the one where the famous meridian of Cassini was traced upon the pavement in 1655, and where Charles the Fifth was crowned by Clement the VII. and the other, for the beautiful shrine of St. Dominick, the founder of the Dominicans, and for the Paradise of Guido, one of his most remarkable compositions in Fresco. In a city, however, which gave birth to Guido, Dominichino, Albano, and the three Caracci, it is unnecessary to hunt much in order to find beautiful tablets. The master pieces of all these artists indeed are to be found within the churches, the palaces, or the galleries of Bologna. Here for the first time I saw a Guido, that Homer of the Painters, simple, grand and pathetic, in the 'Murder of Innocents,' where for the first time too, I felt what a Poem might be written with colors upon canvass as well as printed upon paper.—Dominichino appears too in all his genius in his allegorical Picture *Il Rosario*, where though less simple, less austere, less sublime than the great Guido, he is not less beautiful nor less interesting. Such beautiful Virgins do these masters paint here, that I am hardly surprised that the Catholics gaze upon and hang over their divine faces, absorbed in such deep admiration of the Painter that they at last believe his beautiful creation to be the Mother of Jesus herself. How the canvass can speak, how genius can make even colors touch the heart, what *words* there are even in painted pantomime, is an ever recurring feeling that I have as I go into the galleries and the palaces of this city!

The *Academia delle belle Arti* is the richest collection of Paintings in Bologna, perhaps for its number the choicest in the world, and yet that number is about two hundred and fifty. The master pieces of Guido Reni are there, as I have said,—engravings from which are seen the world over, and the copiers of which are from all countries but—ours. Dominichino's Martyrdom of St. Agnese, the Madonna in glory and the Madonna del Rosario, are also there. The Caracci figure in some excellent pieces, and so do Guercino and Parmigianino. The jewel of the gallery, however, is said to be the St Cecilia of Raphael, the Saint being represented as listening to a choir of angels, and surrounded by St John, St Paul, the Evangelist, St Augustine (I never heard of him) and the Magdalene. Volumes have been written upon this picture. It is said to have changed the whole character of the Art—to have drawn from the canvass the lifeless, and gifted forms of Cimabue and Giotto, and to have replaced them with the animation, beauty and soul that distinguished the great masters who followed after it. Winkleman, the learned commentator of pages and pages upon the single finger of a statute, has especially dwelt upon this painting, with a learning far above my comprehension.—It is in this gallery that the traveller who comes the route I have taken, finds recorded as it were the History of the art. The opening room of the gallery is covered with the works of the early Painters, who revived the art, if we may credit the Historians, once so famous in Greece and Rome,—and we trace its progress here, from Giotto even to the present day, though no great *progress* can be seen, it is true, since Guido and Dominichino and Raphael burst forth upon the world in such resplendent genius.

Witnessing the ardent study that very many young men were making of the great works of those masters, I could not but feel a wish that some of my own countrymen were of the number! What reason is there, that our country in the arts should be almost a blank? We have had reason, heretofore, it is true, in our poverty, in the necessity too of seeking the useful before we thought of the beautiful; but that day is now gone by. But few countries at the present moment are richer than ours. Italy is not so rich in active wealth,—none is so prosperous; and for this reason, therefore, it is time to adorn the *Useful* with the *Beautiful*, to mingle the one with the other, and to begin to claim for ourselves that love for, that eminence in even, the arts, which have in all bye-gone days, distinguished all republics—none ever more promising than ours. But who, perhaps you demand, is to take the lead in this magnificent reformation? Who is to provide the money and the men? Congress, it is certain, will never move but to a partial extent. The habits of the members will never lead them to the cultivation of the arts. They are not perhaps to be blamed, for coming from the various ends of so wide an empire, they cannot have an opportunity to foster that taste, and to create that enthusiasm that others have with better opportunities, who upon the little galleries of our sea board cities, often see something that approximates to the beauty we see here. Besides, the members of Congress are often afraid to do what their hearts would prompt them. Many of them are content to be led, and never think of leading. The securing of their own re-election is never to happen by the expenditure of money for the patronage of the arts; and unhappily it so is—that Politics and Literature, Science and the Arts are not associated together with us, as they almost always are in Europe, but are often made irreconcilable enemies. We have no nobles by 'the grace of God,' and blest be heaven that it is so; but we have a princely race of men who are to take their place, but in only the doing of their good. Our merchants are our princes, as in Venice and Genoa of o'd. They have the money of the country. They have its resources in their hands. The wide world is the sphere in which they act. The ocean even, is but their grand highway. Their enterprise is now the admiration of all mankind. The Rail Roads they have made, the Canals they have cut, the beautiful ships of theirs which throng the ports of all the civilized world, have given them a character as exalted as *merchants* can aspire to. But one other field of ambition have they then in which to crown themselves with princely honors,—to rank themselves side by side with the high born nobles of this European world, and that is in the PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS. It is their duty as it is their glory. They alone can do it. They alone have the liberality. Upon them rest our hopes and expectations. What the Venetian merchants did for Venice, they must do for us; and if they will but imitate the bright example, the republican cities of the United States will soon be as brilliant as the proud republic of Venice. Let them unite together for this purpose. Boston ought to send at least ten of its young artists to Europe and [illegible] New York could send twenty—Phila[illegible] the expense? Not eight hundred dollars a year for each, hardly five hundred in Bologna; and all the subscribers to such a scheme as would confer immortal honor upon its projectors, could be amply compensated by the copies of the great paintings of the day, which they might justly demand from the young men whom they sent out as a recompense for the money advanced. Or out of these copies a public gallery might be formed; and thus we could see in America what Europe thinks as much of as we think of the Iliad of Homer, or the Æneid of Virgil, or the Divine Comedie of Dante. In a republic like ours, we should shine in the *Beautiful* as we do in the *Useful*. The highest efforts of intellect with the tongue, the pen, the pencil, and the chisel, are not incompatible with the greatest simplicity of manners, and the greatest equality of condition. While every American should even with the vengeance of a radical, cry down the incipient social aristocracy that is springing up—while he should abhor and denounce the importation of European principles and fashions, even with fanaticism—yet he should insist at the same time upon the cultivation and introduction of whatever advances us as men,—whatever adorns the intellect, or exalts the sentiments,—whatever links itself in with, and purifies the tenderer associations of the heart, whether it be of Religion, of Poetry, of Painting, or of Sculpture. The whole intellect of our great country at the present moment, is absorbed in the *Useful*. *Utility* is the Juggernaut riding over every thing else. The *Beautiful* is trodden under it. *Intellect* is even chained in dragging the car. *Virtue—Religion* too, are in danger of becoming its victims. It is time then to cry for a change, to turn the crowd, to insist upon that alliance of the two, which alone can make a people good and great.—The merchants of our great cities, whom commerce with the world has liberalized, and who can afford to be liberal too, are the men who must make the change.

I come back now to Bologna. My thoughts often run away with my pen, and carry it upon home, and indeed I should do but little service in giving you but a catalogue of things here, if I did not select of the beautiful what I thought worth imitation, and of the bad what I thought worth condemnation. If a wall of fire was between us and Europe, perhaps it would be well, for it may be that we copy more of the bad than the good. But as it is easy to copy what is mischievous, we must insist upon introducing what is beneficial, to counteract one with the other. Europe is full of instruction for us, though we do falsely flatter ourselves that we are the wisest people in the world, and every lesson we study whether to follow or to shun it, will do us a service. With this view, I am ever making comparisons, illustrations, and references,—and if they occur too often, or are too impertinent, or too assuming, the only excuse I can offer is, an over anxiety that I may feel to do good to a land made dearer to me every step I take from it. If other Americans who have been here, had from any connection with the press, been induced to do the like, I would not trouble you with a thought out of the range of my journey.

But—I *do* now come back to Bologna, to go on with my catalogue only. Bologna has its palaces as well as other Italian cities, and many of them are worth visiting for the beauty of the paintings within them.—The subjects that the painters have selected then, are oftener classical than religious, and therefore more interesting to me, for I am already weary of Saints, Madonnas, Magdalens, 'the Cross,' Angels, 'the infant Jesus,' and myriads of the like, upon which Italian painters have exhausted all their efforts to decorate the churches. In one of these palaces that we visited, a little girl of about seven or eight years, acted as our guide, pointing out with astonishing skill what was most beautiful in the frescoes, or the paintings, and telling us all about the man who painted them with a vivacity that interested us deeply. But this is not so very remarkable in a city, where the chairs of the University have been filled by female Professors, who were Professors of Greek, and of Physic—lecturers in Anatomy, even! Indeed the anatomical preparations in the University here, famous for their execution, were the work of a woman. To this day women attend the lectures upon these preparations, under the cover of a mask, however, as they attend a ball. Bologna indeed has been the residence of many remarkable women, among whom was renowned for her thesis in Latin, in which she attempted to prove that the first fault was committed by Adam, and not by Eve, who was the seduced and not the seducer—on which account, to show her contempt of the sex, she would never marry, but as others have said, *because* she could not, as she was so hideously ugly!

The University of Bologna was once among the most famous of the world, with its 6000 students, and seventy-two Professors, but with the loss of its liberty, the University even lost its splendor. It is great, however, even to this day, and it is said to be an excellent place for the education of young men. Indeed Bologna is one of the best places in the world for a father to educate his children in, as masters speaking all the European languages can be obtained, as it is the cheapest of the Italian cities to live in, and its good society is said to be among the best. Rents are cheap. Provisions are cheap. Every thing is cheap, even as it is with us in our small cities and towns. And then Bologna is a pretty city too. The theatre is one of the largest in Italy. The buildings are beautifully built.—Almost the whole of the city has magnificent arcades over its side walks, sheltering the promenades from the sun and the rain. These, undoubtedly, are the fruits of its republican liberty, when the man on foot was thought as much of as the man in his carriage. The Fountain of Neptune in the great square of the city, is one of its most remarkable ornaments. The raging ocean-god is here displayed in all its majesty. Syrens and dolphins are subject to the sway of his trident.

But yet more remarkable than this are the two great leaning towers of the city, both built between 1110 and 1120, one being about 150 feet high and nearly nine feet out of the perpendicular, and the other about 330 feet high, and two feet and a half out of perpendicular. They are both of brick, and square in form, and have a frightful look as they threaten to tumble upon every passer-by. But yet more curious than even this, is a range of Arcades not less than three English miles in length, connecting with the Church of St Luke on the summit of a mountain of the Appenines! The arches are 690, the steps 514, with fifteen lateral chapels each painted with some incident in the life of the Virgin. The expenses must have been enormous for the Arcades even, to say nothing of the Church, which was 40 years in building. The reason of this singular structure is, that in the Church there is an effigy of the Virgin, *said* to be painted by St Luke, which effigy a Grecian monk found in the Church of St Sophia at Constantinople, with an inscription on it, commanding him to carry it to the Monte della Guardia, there to be placed upon the altar in the Church of St Luke. To find this mountain, the monk walked over almost all the christian world before he could learn that it was near Bologna. But when he found it, the image was received with enthusiasm, and in solemn procession placed upon the mount. Its worshippers multiplied, but access to it was difficult at such a distance, and on such a Mount, and in order to remedy this evil, the Priests stimulated the People to make it accessible by the series of Arcades of which I have spoken. A splendid church was built for the reception of the effigy, whose remains it is said, are valuable even to this day in bringing on, or in stopping the rains. Where the Grecian monk placed it they keep it to this day, and thought it would have been easier to have brought it to the city, than it has been to bring the city to that, yet that would have been violating the command the monk saw on the inscription. B.

EDITORIAL MISERIES.—There are vexations accompanying all business, and are inseparable from it—but, we opine, that no mortals experience more of the real vexations of life than the editorial fraternity. Well or sick—his mind calm, or ill at ease—news plenty, or items few and far between—tired, sad, weak, or what not—there is the sheet that must be filled. 'More copy, sir!' is an editor's abhorrence. He hates the phrase as much as he *should do* the father of the imp who utters it. It is his tormentor, his devil on two sticks, ever by his side to worry him.

Sometimes he sits down in a fever of resolution to accomplish his work of scribbling, without a pause. His pen flies for a time with rapidity. His head at last aches with its exertion. The last paragraph, however, is concluded, and triumphantly he gathers the scraps of all sizes which contain his labors, and congratulates himself on having finished his task. But alas! ere long, an ink-daubed face, on the end of a diminutive form, is poked in at the door, and a voice issues therefrom, 'Copy, sir! more copy, sir! WANT A COLUMN MORE, sir, right off!' Patience! what a blessing art thou!

The following is from the Baltimore Transcript.

SONGS OF THE 'SORE-EYE.'—No. 1.

Air—'The Troubadour.'

Gaily the Editor
Smoked his cigar,
While he was *scissoring*
News near and far.
Looking for murders dire,
Item or puff—
'Devil come—devil come—
Ain't this enough?'

Sadly the editor
[illegible]
My copy's run out.'
Then with a nerveless pen,
He scribbled some stuff,
'Devil come—devil come—
Ain't this enough?'

Wild look'd the Editor,
Rage fired his eye,
When cried the little imp,
'The form's gone to pi!'
Straight to the fiend he flew,
Gave him a cuff—
'Careless imp!—careless imp!—
I'll give you enough!'

BOSTON HARBOR.—We took our walking stick for our own, &c., on Monday morning, and went on board the trig little steamer General Lincoln for a sociable trip to Hingham with Capt. Beals. The improvements in the city are in no place more conspicuous than upon the waters of our harbor. Give us Yankee enterprise to do any thing and every thing! It shrinks from no labor, although it may seem an herculean task—it has but to see a prospec of reward in the future, and with an uncontrollable and conquering energy it advances to the task—and of a surety it will be accomplished.

All the advantages of East Boston are distinctly seen from the water. We should not fancy the place as a residence, but the increase of business will before long call its shores into requisition for wharves and shipping—and store houses will rise, and the hum of busy labor be heard in every quarter.

South Boston is rapidly increasing. House after house is rising, and ere long this too must become thickly populated. It has a disadvantage in respect to its business prospects, in consequence of the extensive flats which surround it. But spiles are being driven down, the earth from the high grounds is forming new lands, and enterprise here will shortly overcome the opposition of nature. Ford's Hotel is a most conspicuous object, and with its fine proportions, elevated situation, and noble verandahs, is a great addition to the view. What pure wholesome air the inmates of that house must enjoy.

The Fort looks lonely in its desolation. It is a sad thing that so few soldiers are maintained by our government, that strife in one part of the country requires the abandonment of all defences in another. The wars which we are called to encounter, and the conflicts in which Europe is engaged, teach us that we cannot be secure of peace. Suppose a foreign fleet should now attempt to enter our harbor—in the words of Governor Everett, in two hours after they hove in sight, with a favorable breeze, they could anchor off the end of Long wharf—who would there be to oppose? All our citizens would rise in a moment to repel the invaders. But time is required for preparation—and ere that necessary time was consumed—ere cannon could be brought to bear upon the ships, the city might be set on fire, numbers destroyed, and the enemy escape. We say it is a sad thing that our great cities are left defenceless.

A GOOD ONE.—There resides in Halifax a Lord Joscelyn, who is very rich and very dissipated, and has acquired for his foolish conduct the appellation of Lord Goslin. A short time ago he wished to have an aquatic excursion—so he had an elegant boat fitted up in perfect style, and every delicacy of the season, together with the most delicious wines, were carried on board, and she was thus well stored. After her captain and crew were on board, the lord desired them to sail her up and down the harbor, while he stood on the shore to see how she looked. The captain did sail her up and down and in, and at last out, and she has not been seen since.

ADVICE TO LADIES.—A French poet, in the reign of Charles the Fifth, advises the ladies of that day to walk in an orderly manner, and not to run and jump in the streets; not to laugh in church time; and those of them who can read to take their books; to be neat in their persons, and keep their nails cut; and when walking out not to look in at people's windows, and not to pounce into the rooms of their friends, &c.; and on no account to steal and tell lies.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Some of the writers in London seem determined to influence the public mind against Americans by every species of deceit and falsehood. A simple fracas lately occurred between two American sailors and a colored man, and a reporter had it that they told the black if they had him in New York, they would 'gouge him,' and actually tried to dig out his eyes! No wonder that many unsuspecting Englishmen think us a nation of savages.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH. A Salem paper has a disquisition on this practice, and advises that a portion of the church should be set apart for the sleepers. The New-York Star very properly suggests that if some preachers had a little less of the poppy in their composition and delivery and more of the spice, the hearers might keep awake.

The Rt. Rev. William White, D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and senior bishop of that church in the United States, died suddenly on Sunday, at Philadelphia, aged 88 years. He had consecrated all the Episcopal Bishops in the United States, except the Bishop of Michigan.—*Trans.*

PROSPERITY.—The value of land, in and about Boston, has increased with great rapidity within a few years, and many who have watched the signs of the times, and studied boundaries, and land-marks, and localities, have made themselves rich by speculations in them. 'Oh!' exclaimed a friend to us a day or two ago, '*if* I had only had sense enough to dip in when every spot of ground was indeed cheap as dirt. What a fortune I could have made!'

This looking back and sighing over the days that are gone is a bad principle for those who would advance their fortunes—and is as unreasonable as it is useless. In regard to this very matter of land—have we arrived at the climax of prosperity? Is not our course onward, and promising to continue in its onward course? Is not our population increasing, our commercial interests growing every day of more and more importance? What is to prevent the aspirant for *funds* ten years hence from ejaculating, 'Oh! if I had only dipped into lands ten years ago!'—nothing. Land has not attained to a tithe of its value among us—and many gentleman yet keep sacred large fields, assured that increased in worth as they have lately been, ten years will double their present value.

JUSTICE. The developements in the case of Robinson, in regard to the allowed absence of material witnesses and other unwarrantable circumstances, have created a deep sensation in the community—and now, in relation to the trial and acquittal of Jewell, the New York Sun contains details of positive and proved violations of the solemnity of Justice, which strike the mind with astonishment. It has been the custom, it seems, for the counsel of prisoners to *subpoena the friends of the defendants as witnesses, and then have them called to serve on the Jury* after the regular penal might be exhausted; thus forming a *packed Jury*. This is proved by the Editor of the Sun himself, who procured a subpoena for a gentleman as a witness, in the case of Jewell, who, he was conscious, knew *nothing at all about him!* and the Sun gives the names of *four of Jewell's intimate friends* who were thus brought to serve on the Jury that acquitted him!

Well does the Sun ask, How long will the people submit to such a mockery of justice, in their most solemn tribunals? Well may we begin to tremble for ourselves when not even consecrated places are secure from desecration.—The poor unfriended prisoner must take his chance for conviction or acquittal. He has no one to speak for him—to comment on the evidence in his favor—to bring the high power of eloquence to his support. But the rich rascal pours the glittering bribe into the lap of talent—and the straight forward integrity of purity and Justice are invaded—and prejudiced friendship or unhallowed determination have already pronounced a verdict of acquittal! Well may citizens tremble where deceit like this is practised.

We never heard of a more flagrant breach of the high attributes of Justice than the one before us—and it is *proved!*—proved beyond a doubt. The Editor of the Sun holds in his possession the subpoena procured for the very purpose of ferreting out such unprincipalled *knavery*—yes *knavery!*—that ought to stamp the counsel who have employed it with lasting opprobium.

MR. VAN BUREN'S MARRIAGE. The papers are most of them sadly at fault respecting the article in Duff Greene's paper affiancing the Vice President to a '*distinguished lady* who was at Washington last winter.' It does *not* refer to Miss Martineau—but to an old ugly hag, who went about the city selling tracts. The joke was current in Washington several months ago, and this is only a review.

☞ Some of the New York papers are caviling at the Astor House, and complaining of the servants, &c. How can it be supposed that in a mammoth establishment like this, perfect order can be obtained in a few weeks? We won't hear a word against the Messrs. Boyden, for we know how well they understand their business. Stetson of the Tremont, if there is any more scolding, must go on and just look in at the front door, and he will find out the difficulty at a glance.

A PRETTY TRANSACTION. A Mr. Merrill, one of the crew of a brig bound for Havana, entrusted on Monday morning, a seal skin trunk to the care of one of the hands on board the schooner Sydney of Hallowell, Hodge master, desiring him to take care of it for him for a few moments while he went down to his brig which was in the stream. He cheerfully promised compliance, and did comply with a vengeance—for when Merrill came back, no schooner Sydney was to be found—and he learned that ten minutes after he left the trunk, she started for her destination. The trunk was full of new clothing, and although Mr. Merrill is very generous, he would like a change or two of garments—so when the Sydney returns, he wil thank the kind protector of his trunk to return it.

EMIGRATION TO NEW YORK!—The New York Journal of Commerce has the following. A pretty set of citizens are coming among us. Truly, the United States may be called the poor-house of England.

ENGLISH PAUPERS.—Nearly all the vessels that arrive here from British ports bring out great numbers of paupers. [illegible] the British Brig Socrates arrived here informs us, had their passage paid, and were fitted out for the passage with provisions, &c., by the parishes. Some families they paid £30 for. Each pauper when on board the vessel received £1 from his parish.

☞ They have got up quite a row at Waldboro', Me. The postmaster has obliged the editor of the *Patriot* to pay letter postage for a newspaper because a notice was written on the margin, of 'the arrival of the Bertha;' and the editor has told of it in his paper. So far so good, but the postmaster thought he had not sufficiently *bruited* his great action, and accordingly sends to a publisher at a distance an extract from 'instructions to postmasters,' addressed to the refractory knight of the quill, as much as to say, see how a little matter shall put you down. Then the printer gets *wrathy* again, and replies with explanations and interrogatories enough to sink a line-of-battle ship.—The belligerents are every day getting warmer and warmer, while the numbers that flock to the aid of each, give promise of a serious result. We look with anxiety for further particulars, and in the interim can only hope for a favorable termination.

Canton Company Stock, which was so speculated in some few years ago, may perhaps soon rise again. A Baltimore paper states that the improvements of the Company in building wharves, drains, &c., and grading streets, are vigorously carried on.

A DELIBERATE SUICIDE. The Providence Courier informs us that Miss Roby Austin, who resided at Woonsocket Falls Village, committed suicide last Saturday evening by taking arsenic. She procured an ounce, and took it at intervals during the hour, on a lemon. After she had swallowed the whole, she informed the people of the house where she boarded, what she had done, and although medical assistance was called, she resisted every effort to induce her to take medicine, declaring her wish and object was to die. In fact, she did not give the information until it was too late to apply any antedote with any prospect of success. She had acted with great deliberation, having a week previous prepared all her grave clothes. She was about eighteen years of age, and had sustained a fair character in the village.—*Transcript.*

At the Court of Sessions, New York, on Saturday last, Wm. D. Gray, (companion of Robinson) was sentenced to the State Prison for five years, for grand larceny.

Reed, the pugilist, recently performed a great feat of strength and activity in the neighborhood of Wilmington, Delaware. He ran from New Castle to Wilmington, drew a sulky weighing 240 lbs. one mile of the distance, and picked up on the Wilmington bridge 50 potatoes, one yard apart, and carried each singly to the end of the bridge, in one hour and five minutes—being 25 minutes less than the time limited. The whole distance passed over has been computed to eight miles.—*N. Y. Times.*

SERIOUS ROW.—Six men were yesterday arrested by Mr Peter Field, assisted by others, and conveyed to the Upper Police office, they having been engaged in a dreadful row opposite the house of John Murphy, Mott street, near Prince. Their names are John, William, Timothy, and John (2) Kennedy, John Larkin, and Patrick Byrne. They had dreadfully wounded Murphy in the head with a shovel, and a piece of brick which they had thrown at him, struck his brother a severe blow on the forehead, which laid the flesh open to the bone, and stabbed his son in the arm with a knife. The life of the elder Murphy is despaired of. There are various stories assigned as to the cause of the quarrel. Certain it is, they were all engaged in Murphy's, who keeps a porter house, and the fight commenced there, when the whole adjourned to the street.—The glass in Murphy's shop windows is nearly all destroyed by brickbats which the parties threw at it. The prisoners will probably be examined this forenoon, and dealt with as their conduct deserves.—*N. Y. Times.*

We learn from the Lowell Advertiser, that on Saturday morning last, as a baggage waggon from Boston, loaded with goods for New Ipswich, N. H., was crossing Nashua River, at Groton, the bridge gave way, and the waggon, horses, and driver, were precipitated into the river. The driver could not swim, but by the aid of a fragment of the bridge, succeeded in saving himself, after passing over the dam. Five of the seven horses were drowned.

A BAD COMPLAINT. Smith of the Sunday News tells the following good one. A perfumed, whiskered dandy on board of one of the North River boats complaining to the passengers of his ill health, and of the chance of his dying soon, said that he was going to the springs as the last resort. 'It's no use,' said the lanthorn jawed youth from 'down east,' who happened to be one of his hearers, 'It's no use, young man, them springs aint the thing for your case.' 'Why what do you know about it?' asked the hero. 'Why I know this, that a fellow went to the springs from our neighborhood with just such a complaint as yours and he came back worse than he was before.' 'Why what do you think is the matter with me?' Oh, its plain enough, any body can see that you are troubled with the *shallows*.'

A Tanner of the name of Bennett at work at Amherst Me. last week, fell into a vat of hot water, and was so badly scalded that his skin came off and his life is despaired of.

THE BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD. The accident which some time ago occurred upon this road called forth as might have been expected, repeated demands from the Press and the Public, to be informed of the origin of the difficulty, and a reply from the superintendent, Mr. Lee. The subject might be supposed justly at rest—and that it is improper to enlarge further upon it; but a statement in the Advocate of Tuesday, calls, we think, for a decided expression of opinion upon the course pursued by the directors of the Road.

It appears that the engineer who was discharged for being the immediate origin of the concussion was an Irishman—originally a fireman—who could not know or be supposed to know the philosophy of the action of steam—of the proper management of his engine upon fixed principles—of the danger from the exercise of his limited knowledge in that situation. It is not a sufficient answer to the public then, to say that he has been turned away—but they have a right to demand of the superintendant of the Road, *Why such a man was employed in that responsible situation?* They have a right, we say—for certainly where hundreds are trusting themselves to the care of an individual, they surely should know what are the qualities of that individual.

But the employment of improper men is not the only injury which the public has received from the Providence Rail Road. When the application for an act of incorporation was made all were pleased—for there was a tacit understanding that the public would be conveyed at a lower rate than by stages. We say this was a kind of understanding—and no one will gainsay it. Now what is the state of affairs? The price of passage is put very low until every line of stages is run off. It is then raised to the same amount formerly paid to stages, and now, with the whole power in their hands, passengers are charged *a higher rate of fare than ever!*—being two dollars and fifty cents—on the great thoroughfare between two great cities and a route of only forty miles. This is abuse of the public—it is extortion—it is a proceeding that should by no means be countenanced.

Here is a practical instance of the value of combinations for the public interest, and also of the power of these combinations to use their advantages in defiance of public opinion. The facilities between New York and Boston have been increased to a great extent by the road, and news and passengers can be transmitted with great rapidity—but those facilities afforded to the community are no excuse for exorbitant demands, or careless neglect.

We fear that the difficulty with the road originates from the fact that the President and a majority of the Directors are New York men. Our Boston Directors and Stockholders would not we know countenance any transactions in regard to the road, which militated against public opinion—well knowing that it is a fearful enemy to combat—which although it may for a time slumber, and take all injuries with impunity, will in the end, rise up in its mighty strength and crush those who would trample upon it, or trifle with its power.

Copy of a letter from Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, and Lecturer on Natural History in the University of Cambridge, New-England.

Cambridge, July 12th, 1836.

To John C. Kelley, Esq. General Agent for D. W. Beach's American Practice of Medicine, and the Reformed Medical society of the United States.

Sir—I have perused several parts of Dr. Beach's American Practice of Medicine; as time could not be allowed me for reading the whole of the three volumes, I selected certain subject which appeared to me to call loudest for reform; and first, that chapter in the second volume which treats amply upon that disease for which *mercury* has hitherto been deemed a specific remedy. In that chapter its use is particularly considered, and pronounced needless.

During the thirty years in which I have delivered *Medical* and *Natural History* Lectures in this University, I never remember to have omitted to caution my pupils against the too free use of Mercury in any disease—I urged that the cautious use of it often inflicted a new, and very serious disease, I mean the *Mercurial Fever*, with its train of insidious consequences, frequently producing a more serious malady than the distemper for which it was given, that its use in young children and youths not arrived at their full growth broke in upon their healthy constitutions, and opened dangerous avenues to several disorders in after life. I told them that observation had convinced me that the combination of Opium with Calomel, by retaining that powerful mineral too long in the bowels was a procedure injurious to the human frame, and rendered it susceptible of many evils. Nevertheless I consider the mildest forms of mercury (as in the blue pill) when given by the hand of experience and due carefulness as a valuable preparation of an Herculean remedy otherwise, a too-keen-edged-tool for its too random use. There are some families of children on whom mercury operates as a poison.

The next subject to which I directed my attention was that of Phlebotomy or Venesection; a practice I suspect too often resorted to, a wastefulness or prodigality of blood, the *corporeal* [illegible] Bank fund, or Bank of our [illegible].

The wise Greeks whom we look up to, as our great masters in the science of health, knew nothing of mercury, and were very frugal of blood. Instead of blood-letting, they resorted to abstinence and mild fluids, and so did the Jews and Romans.

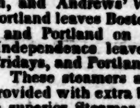
It was a weighty saying of one of the wisest of the ancients, '*Dii Laboribus* OMNIA *vendunt*'—the gods *sell* every thing to the *industrious*, but *give* nothing, they must work for what they receive. Not that feeble man can do everything without supernatural help, or work wonders in preserving human life beyond its natural stamina. No! Time, and the inscrutable course of nature progresses silently on, without man's intervention. Thus the physician may do much, but *nature* more. 'By patience (i. e. Time) and industry, the mulberry leaf becomes satin.' A proper for every zealous medical man, whose aim is usefulness: for *nature* is in reality the *curer of diseases*, and the physician only *her minister*.

If Dr Beach's whole work be as ably and carefully discussed as these two subjects, it cannot but do much good.—The three volumes are certainly handsome exemplars of his industry, that virtue so essential to a physician as to make it a *sine qua non* in the study as well as in the *practice of medicine*.

As Dr Beach appears to be imbued with the *salutiferous* principles of the art, so far would I strongly recommend his work to the public and to the young physician; without allusion to the very high encomiums from illustrious characters the other side of the Atlantic.

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

RAPID TRAVELLING. By the arrangement, making the Massachusetts a day boat between New York and Providence, twice a week, travellers who leave Washington in the morning, will be able to reach Boston the next evening. Starting from Washington at two in the morning, they take the steamboat here at six, reach Philadelphia at three, leave there at four by the rail road, arrive at New York at twelve, and from thence by the Massachusetts at six in the morning to Boston, where they arrive about eight o'clock.



EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Hollowell, Bangor, Eastport, and St. John's, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons,	Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do.	" Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do.	" Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do.	" S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR, 400 do.	" Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will run every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland—leaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hannover street, Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M.—The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These steamers are expressly adapted for sea a route, and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 8 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.; connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boats for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattresses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run weekly between Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoon, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 8.

Fare from Boston to Portland,	$3;
" " Boston to Bath,	$3 50;
" " Boston to Hallowell,	$4;
" " Portland to Bangor,	$4;
" " Portland to Eastport.	$6;
" " Portland to St. John's,	$8;

Deck passengers, at reduced rates.

Freight received every day for the above ports.

☞ The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.

*** All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof

Apply to I. W. GOODRICH, Agent, No 56 Washington-st., or at the Eastern Steamboat Wharf. may 24

PRINTING PRESSES.

ORDERS for Tufts's power and hand Printing Presses received by J. G. ROGERS, 20 Congress street. A variety of new and second hand Presses constantly on hand as above, and all articles connected with Printing furnished at short notice.

may 30

ROGERS CUTLERY.

JUST received by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street, a prime assortment of *Rogers Cutlery*, viz:—Knives, Razors and Scissors. 2m june 6

EXTENSIVE SALE AT AUCTION,
OF REAL ESTATE IN THE
VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having completed the plan and survey of the village of Niagara Falls, will offer a large portion of it for sale at public auction, to be held at the Eagle Hotel near the Falls, on Tuesday the 2d day of August next, and continue from day to day until the whole is disposed of, in lots comprising due proportions of building and water lots or mill seats, the latter of which are already prepared with canals and races, for the immediate erection and operation of hydraulic establishments of any extent or description. The terms of sale will be—one fourth of the purchase money in hand, and the remainder in six yearly instalments, with annual interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

The fashionable practice of laying out embryo towns and cities in every bay and nook along the lake shores, and at every point of confluence of the large rivers of our country, and selling them by maps, accompanied with flourishing anticipations of their future growth and greatness, is becoming so justly obnoxious to suspicion, not to say ridicule, that we should be deterred from speaking of the property we now offer, in the terms we think it merits, were it not for the general knowledge which pervades every part of the United States, of the situation and peculiar localities of the Niagara Falls. This knowledge cannot have failed to satisfy those who possess it, that the various parts of this extraordinary and splendid position were specially designed by the Creator for the concentration and display of great moral as well as physical power; and will enable them to appreciate the views we are about to offer.

We venture then upon the bold assertion that the country at and around the Falls of Niagara possesses, to a greater extent, the various elements necessary to the useful and profitable employment of labor, and greater capacities for the magnificent display and embellishments of art and the elaborations of science, than any other spot in the United States; in other words, that it combines more of those natural advantages which tend to invite, collect, sustain, and adorn a population than fall to the lot of any city in the civilized world.

Situated in a latitude most favorable to enterprise and energy; occupying the centre of a country of vast extent, and, in proportion to its extent, of unequalled fertility and beauty, to any part of which, it has easy access, by a most extraordinary combination of water and land communications, radiating in every direction; possessing within itself a water power for mechanical purposes, which has no parallel, either in extent, uniformity, or safety—it will enjoy incalculable advantages for commerce as well as manufactures, in the immense field which is opened for the collection of raw materials of every species of manufacture, and for distributing, vending, and exchanging its fabrics.

To the north and east, it is now but seven miles to ship navigation at Lewiston, whence theer is a continuous navigation to the Atlantic, through Lake Ontario, the Rideau Canal, and the St. Lawrence, in one direction; in another, to New York, by Oswego, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson. To the south and west, it is only one mile and a half distant from a beautiful and safe harbor on the Niagara River, formed by Connor's Island and the American shore, between which, and Black Rock and Buffalo, two daily Steam Boats, as well as other alke vessels, are now plying, and from which a range of ship navigation extends through all the Upper Lakes, connecting itself at various points with the Ohio and Mississippi, by means of the numerous canals and rail roads, already made, and in progress of construction in that direction. As soon as the contemplated canal around the Falls which will commence at Connor's harbor, and passing thro' the village of Niagara, terminate at Lewiston, shall be accomplished, the ship navigation will be complete. But if this great work be not speedily undertaken, it is the intention of the subscribers to open a ship navigation, requiring no lockage, from Connor's harbor into the centre of the village, a distance of little more than a mile.

We have already an uninterrupted boat navigation to the Hudson through the Niagara River, and the Erie Canal, in which it enters, by a lock, at the mouth of Tonnewanda creek.

Our principal connexions by land will be by three rail roads, which are already far advanced, and will be completed during the present summer. One of them to the north, connecting with the Ontario navigation at Lewiston, a distance of seven miles; another at the east, uniting with the Erie Canal at Lockport, twenty-two miles; and the third to the south, crossing the same canal at Tonnewanda, ten miles and thence proceeding to Black Rock and Buffalo.

The beautiful formation and richness of the grounds at and in the vicinity of the Falls, combined with prospects of unrivalled splendor; and, above all, the proverbial healthfulness of the inhabitants will render this village the summer, and in a short time the permanent, residence of gentlemen of fortune, from every part of the United States. Indeed, a great rush is already making for country seats along the banks of the river, on each side of the Falls. The "Lake Fever," as they are erroneously called, and other epidemic diseases common to the western country, are scarcely known at the Falls, nor has a single case of the cholera ever occurred there, although it has repeatedly visited and scourged the surrounding towns with which the inhabitants are in constant intercourse. Its extraordinary salubrity is probably owing to the pure and limpid waters of the Niagara, imparting, by their [illegible] uniform temperature to the atmosphere.

Most of the lands comprised in this village have been in the hands of two of the subscribers for more than thirty years. They were purchased at a period when the whole country was nothing but a wilderness, and at a price which was deemed extravagant in those days, under a persuasion that they embraced the most favorable site on the western waters for the establishment of a large town. The tardiness of its improvements, hitherto, has been cause of surprise to many, and of complaints by some of the want of proper liberality on the part of the part of the proprietors; but it is evident that, until recently, the population and resources of the country have not been such as to justify the expense of undertaking improvements on a scale commensurate with the importance of the position; and they were unwilling to mar its destinies by promiscuous and unrestrained sales of the most valuable portions of it, to persons who had no means to improve them, and the effect of which would have been, to create embarrassments in regard to an enlarged distribution and use of the water power, that could not afterwards be retrieved. Some sales, however, have occasionally been made, but at such detached points as not to interfere with the general arrangement of the water power; and some ten or dozen mills and other hydraulic establishments are now in successful operation.

But the aspect of the western country having, of late, undergone a most important change, they have, since their recent sale to the other subscriber, and in connexion with him, and in addition to other corresponding measures, constructed a new and capacious canal, parallel with the old one, and both of them capable of any required extension, for the accommodation of mills and machinery of any and every description, and which, when erected, will not be crowded, as is usually the case, along the sides of rugged and precipitous banks, exposed to the dangers of flood and ice, but occupy dry and beautiful ground, and exhibiting the appearance of handsome streets, bordered by regular lines of substantial manufactories, and possessing a never failing power at perfect command. Many valuable buildings will be erected, and other improvements made during the present season by the proprietors, while extensive preparations—such as the formation of spacious brick yards, opening of stone and lime quarries, of which there are abundance in the immediate neighborhood, the erection of additional Saw Mills, &c.—are now in progress, for the oqerations of the next.

We trust that many of the substantial manufacturers of the eastern states will avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to establish themselves at a place, where labor and provisions, as well as most of the raw materials for manufacture are abundant, and cheaper than where they now reside, and where they will find a ready sale, at advanced prices, for all their fabrics.

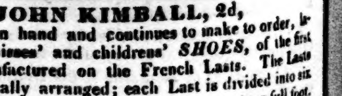
A. PORTER,
P. B. PORTER,
B. RATHBUN.

Niagara Falls, May 4, 1836.

☞ The Albany Argus the New York Courier & Enquirer, the New England Galaxy, at Boston, the United States Gazette, at Philadelphia, and the National Intelligencer, at Washington, are requested to publish the above advertisement weekly, until the 20th of July, and send their accounts to the subscribers at this place.

Engraved maps of the village may be had of A. H. Cotton, Map Publisher, No. 4, Spruce street, or of Leavitt, Lord & Co. Booksellers, Broad Way, New York—of O. G. Steele, Bookseller, Buffalo, or at this office.

Ready Made Custom Shoes.



JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fulness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 Tremont Street,

july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

J. W. CARTER,

DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, Broomfield street, near the Broomfield House.

Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.

He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined CIDER, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.

☞ Sent to any part of the city free of expense

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

FOR JUNE. Contents: Pennsylvania History; Physiology and Theology; Riot and Indemnity; The Monarchy of the Middle Classes; Popular Rights and Political Symptoms; Bulwer's Novels; Revised Code of Pennsylvania; English Sonnets; Thacher's History of Plymouth; Our Navy. *JORDAN*, Gen. Per Agent, 121 Washington-st. may 31